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WINONA
TEMPERANCE ADDRESSES

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DELIVERED AT

WINONA LAKE, INDIANA

AT THE

FIRST ANNUAL

TEMPERANCE CONFERENCE

JULY 12 TO 18, 1908

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GEORGE R. STUART AND EDWIN A. KNAPP
Winona Lake, Indiana

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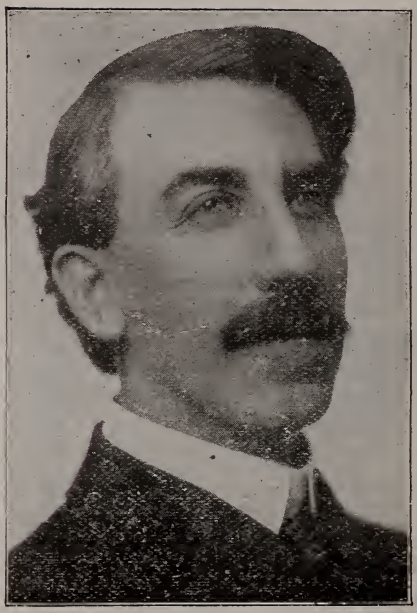


DR. GEORGE R. STUART

FOREWORD

THE ADDRESSES contained in this book were given at the first annual Temperance Conference held at Winona Lake, Indiana, July 12 to 18. The interest taken in this Conference and the enthusiasm shown was so great that at the close of the Conference Dr. George R. Stuart, the Director, thought it would be a good plan to publish some of the leading addresses in book form. Had we anticipated the greatness of this Conference on its opening day we could have secured these speeches so that this book could have been printed immediately after the Conference closed. Many of the speakers did not have their addresses in manuscript form and it was necessary to have them give their addresses over again to a special stenographer. The delay in publishing this book was caused by the publishers' inability in securing the manuscript until this late date.

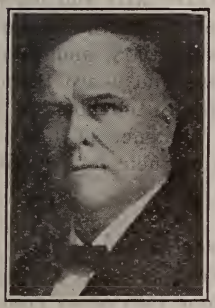
The second annual Temperance Conference, to be held at Winona Lake, August 1 to 7, 1909, promises to accomplish much for the cause of Temperance. As before, George R. Stuart, D. D., of Cleveland, Tennessee, will be the Director. If this book is appreciated by the temperance enthusiasts, the addresses of the next Conference will be published in full immediately after the close of the Conference.

FOREWORD

WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?

By Ex-Gov. Robert B. Glenn, of North Carolina.

I come from the South to the great West in the interest of what I consider one of the greatest causes now before the American people, and I only trust that something I may say may arouse you as never before to do all in your power to drive the curse of strong drink out of the borders of the State of Indiana. I do not intend to come under false pretenses. I have not always been an absolute teetotaler. In the years that have passed, like some of you, perhaps, and quoting St. Paul as my authority, I sometimes took a little "for my stomach's sake and my oft infirmities," and I am sorry to say they became sometimes "very oft," but I can truly say that for the last three years not a drop of strong drink has passed my lips, and never again will I take one drop as a beverage into my stomach.



I can give you the reason for the faith that is in me. The names of seven young men, my college friends, come flitting before me as I speak—young men of ability, the latches of whose shoes I was not worthy intellectually to unloose. Where are they today? Three are in their graves; two in the asylum, and two a disgrace to my State. All laid low by this terrible demon.

I have seen the young maiden of my manhood hours going out in gladness with the man of her choice, with elasticity in her step, roses in her cheeks, and a song on her lips. I see her today, prematurely old, the elasticity

gone, the roses faded, the song forever hushed, listening and praying, yet dreading to hear her husband's returning footsteps, not knowing whether he comes drunk or sober. I have seen widowed mothers (and I know what a widowed mother means, for my father lay dead on the field of battle, leaving three helpless boys dependent on a good mother), as with clasped hands and eyes raised to heaven they prayed, "Where is my wandering boy tonight?"

I have seen the hats taken off the heads, the shoes off the feet, the clothes off the backs of little girls and boys, going to feed the insatiate appetites of their drunken fathers. I have gone to the State penitentiary and seen young men, strong and well born as we, and heard them, while briney tears rolled down their faces, tell how, in a moment of passion, while under the influence of liquor, they imbued their hands in the blood of their fellowmen, and now had to spend a lifetime in a cell in the penitentiary.

Men and women of Indiana, I have seen these things. I know they exist. I have felt these things, as many of you have felt them, for this monster has gone into every community and taken the sweetest, fairest, strongest and best, and destroyed them. Therefore I appeal to you to help rid this country of this mighty and terrible curse.

I make this challenge wherever I go: I defy any man to stand by my side, with lifted hand, calling on God to witness that he speaks the truth, and say that strong drink is a blessing to him, to his wife, to his little children, to his church, to his state, and an honor to his God. Why don't you say it? Because you know you cannot. You know that this curse brings mourning instead of rejoicing, tears instead of laughter, rags instead of clothing, insanity instead of strong minds, disease instead of health, death instead of life, damnation instead of salvation. Then how can you use your influence and vote for this curse. You, who say you are followers of Jesus Christ, and know that

this curse destroys the body, weakens the mind and blackens the soul—how can you stand for it? You, who call yourselves good citizens, and know it produces crime, poverty, insanity, disease and death—how can you vote for it? Fathers and mothers, for the sake of your children, your sons and your daughters, how can you favor something that destroys their womanhood and manhood and makes them weak instead of strong? But I hear you say, we want to hear you answer our arguments; preachers tell us such things as you are just talking about. What are your arguments? First, you say that if we abolish whisky it will destroy business. Before answering this question let me ask you one: What have you in the top of your heads, brains or sawdust? If you have sawdust, my arguments will have no effect, but if you have brains, I know I can convince you.

Having strong drink in a community or a state does not help business. If strong drink helps business, why do the railroads erect Y. M. C. A. chapels and churches along their lines instead of saloons and distilleries, and why do they advertise for young men who do not drink, instead of drunkards for conductors and engineers? Because they know that drunken employes would bring about collisions and wrecks, and ruin their business. Why do you not engage drunken surgeons and physicians to use the deadly knife on your wife, or mix the medicine for your children? Because you feel that the drunken surgeon may take her life, and the sot of a physician might make a poison instead of an innocent medicine. Why do farmers not advertise for drunken employes to work their crops? Because they know they would turn their crops upside down and ruin their business.

I give you two examples: There are two men in your county. One drinks, the other does not. They go to your town to sell their produce. Where does the drunken man go first? To the saloon. He takes one drink; calls for

another; then his friends come in and he treats them, and they get drunk. He feels he is the richest man in town; he wastes his money—throws it away, gambles with it, and gratifies his passion to waste all he has. He forgets his wife who helped make the crops, and his little children who worked it by day. He forgets the needed farming utensils and furniture, and only remembers his miserable stomach, and his desire for a "good time," and in the evening he loads himself on, or is loaded on his wagon, with only whisky on his person and in his stomach, and starts home, hollering like a fool. His wife and children come out to meet him and ask for the dress and other things he promised to bring. His conscience smiting him, knowing he has done wrong, he abuses his wife, and perhaps strikes the children he has promised to love and protect. God pity the wife of a drunken husband, and God in tender mercy shield the little children who have to look for succor to a drunken father!

The other man sells his crop, and he remembers his wife, who has gotten up at 5 o'clock to cook his breakfast, and he says: "I'll get the good woman a nice frock," and he goes to the dry goods store and buys the best dress he can find. He then remembers that the little boys and girls have helped in the crop, and he buys shoes and hats and little clothes for them, helping these merchants. Then he says: "I do not know when God may take me and leave my wife and children helpless," and he insures his life for their benefit. Then he remembers that he has lived hard, and he buys groceries, and says we will invite the neighbors in next Sunday and have a feast day, thus helping the grocery merchant. Then he remembers needed furniture and farming utensils and finds the man who deals in these things, and with a wagon loaded up with things he has bought in your town he goes home, happy, contented and sober, to his wife and children, with things for the home and things for the farm, and there is peace, joy and pros-

perity in the home of the sober man. And yet they say strong drink helps business!

A man takes one drink a day at 10 cents. That is $3 a month, $36 a year. That would buy him a suit of clothes. If he drinks a dollar a day, that is $30 a month, $360 a year gone into his stomach, and no good done. Drink up 15 cents, and you can't buy a beefsteak for breakfast; a dollar's worth, and a good cotton hat is gone; 75 cents, and you have no shirt; $4 and you have lost your coat; $2.50 and you are without pants. And here I will stop. I will go no further. And yet they say whisky helps business!

See the towns where there is no liquor sold and you will find thrift, enterprise and industry. See the whisky towns and you will find drunkenness, crime, poverty, ruin and death.

The question is answered. Strong drink can not help business. Good roads, schools, churches, against saloons and distilleries, this is the issue.

But, you say, our second argument is prohibition, and does not prohibit. No prohibition law absolutely prohibits.

I want to call your attention to the greatest scene that the world has ever known. God in His Wisdom and grandeur, left the beauties of Heaven, and, amidst thunder and lightning, descended to Mount Sinai, telling His servant Moses to draw nigh and take off His shoes, for the ground on which he stood was holy ground. Then He gave to Moses two tables of stone, upon which with His Almighty finger he had written the ten commandments.

I hold these commandments up to you today, and I read these terrible words: "Thou shalt not kill." "Thou shalt not steal." "Thou shalt not commit adultery," "Thou shalt not bear false witness."

Do we steal? Do we commit adultery? Do we kill? You know we do. Then shall the ministers of God stop preaching God's ten commandment because they do not absolutely prohibit? God forbid.

Go to your statute books, see the laws against any crimes? Are they violated? Go to the court house and watch the trials and you will be bound to answer "yes." Then shall we tear down our court houses and abolish our judges and juries? Only a fool will say do this, and yet, because the prohibition laws do not absolutely prohibit, you say have an open state and an open town. I say to you, after mature reflection, that the wettest dry town in Indiana is ten thousand times better than the dryest wet town in America. And, furthermore, I say to you that if the officers of the law from governor to constable will do their duty the prohibition laws against selling whisky will prohibit. Arrest these men who violate these laws, convict them, put them on the roads, and make them build good roads for us to walk over. Punish them for their crime; enforce the law. Prohibition will prohibit.

The third argument is, How can we educate our children and pave our streets without the money received from license?

Admitting for a moment (though it is not true) that it would cost us more if we did not have license, let me put over in one hand the 10 cents, or the $1, or the $5, or the $100 you save by the license system. Look at it! Then put over in your other hand the body, mind and soul of your little girl and boy. Would you like to save 10 cents, or any other amount by risking a temptation that might ruin those dear to your heart? Is there a man in this audience who would value $1,000 against his boy's soul! If we love our boys there is not money enough in the world to stand against their soul. There isn't one word of truth in it. We do not save anything by the license tax, for if you put the license tax in one column, and then put in the other the added cost of insanity, crime, poverty, suffering, disease and death, caused by whisky, the cost is ten thousand times more than what we save. It cost last year in the United States $349,000,000 to educate our boys and

girls; $25,500,000 to break the bread of life to dying men and women; $5,500,000 to send the Gospel to the heathen across the water. The strong drink bill in the United States last year was $1,549,000,000, and add to this the additional cost of grain destroyed, of insanity, crime, poverty, disease and death, $1,100,000,000, and we have $2,649,000,000 destroyed and wasted last year—more than the gross earnings of all the railroads in the United States and ten times enough to educate all our boys and girls. All gone for nothing but to return as its harvest 80 per cent. of all crime; 33⅓ per cent. of all insanity; 50 per cent. of all poverty; and in the United States last year 160,000 people died from strong drink, thus showing the cost of this drink blight to our beloved nation.

It is said of Lord Erskine that on one occasion he stood before the court of King's Bench to argue a case that, if gained, meant honor and wealth, and, if lost, meant poverty and disaster. He was seen to hesitate, as if he were going to sit down, then raised his eyes to heaven, and first slowly and deliberately, then with gathering power and logic, he swept away the arguments of the opposing counsel, until at last in a peroration, perhaps the most eloquent ever heard, he carried conviction to the hearts of his judges, who arose as one man and said, "We give the verdict to Erskine." When he came down to his seat his friends gathered around him and asked how he managed to speak as he did? Was he not afraid in the presence of that great court? He said: "Listen, and I will tell you. You saw me stop, and as I stopped I heard the sweet voice of my wife as she whispered in my ear, 'Speak, Erskine, speak; it means bread and meat for me and our little one.' Then I heard the voice of my little 4-year-old daughter as she whispered in my other ear: 'Speak, papa, speak; it means so much to mamma and me. Speak, papa, speak.' Then I raised my eyes to heaven and said, 'God give me strength!' and I spoke for those I loved."

Friends, as I come to you today I, too, hear sweet voices whispering in my ear. I hear the voice of the wife of the poor drunkard, saying: "Speak, Mr. Glenn, speak; it means bread and meat for me and my little children." And I hear the voices of the little children, crying: "Speak, please, sir, speak; it means so much for poor mamma and us." I hear widowed mothers saying to me: "Mr. Glenn, some words you may speak may fall on the ears of my wandering boy, and before it is too late bring him back to home and mother. Please, sir, speak." And before coming here I asked God to give me strength to speak, and I have spoken because I plead for those I love. I have never seen you before. I will never see you again, but the same blood flows in your veins and mine. We are all created alike in the image of God, and I come from my warm Southland with a heart full of love for each of you, and speak for you and your children.

Where are you in this great fight? Are you on the side of temperance or drunkenness? For upbuilding, or tearing down. For God, or the devil? Under the white flag of temperance and purity, or the black flag of ruin and death?

Your forefathers in 1775 struggled for independence against Great Britain. From 1861 to 1865 the men of the North and the men of the South, in deadly fraternal war, struggled against each other as never men did before. They were heroes brave and true. Thank God no deadly strife of this kind is on today. But a battle is on, and the issue is the souls of our children. On which side are you? Is the issue worth fighting for? A soul is so precious that hell gapes when one is lost, and heaven rejoices when it is redeemed, and God gave His own Son to redeem them. Then if souls are worth so much, can you not arouse yourselves and try to save them from the curse of strong drink.

Arouse, you men and women of Indiana, and to the work for God and humanity.

AN IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT

By Ex-Gov. J. Frank Hanly, of Indiana.

From the beginning of civilization to the present hour there has been waged an irrepressible, never-ending conflict between the forces of Good and the troops of Evil.

Century after century it has been waged; in land after land it has ebbed and flowed; a phase reaching a climax here, another phase a climax there. Appeal has sometimes been made to reason; sometimes to the sword. Sometimes victory has come through peaceful revolution; sometimes through the carnage and the desolation of the battlefield. Sometimes the contest has been led by a Martin Luther or a John Wesley; sometimes by an Oliver Cromwell or an Abraham Lincoln. Sometimes the immediate end contended for has been the liberation of the limbs and bodies of men; sometimes the freedom of the minds and the souls of men. But the conflict in some form has gone ever on, enduring and unending The great Civil War that but a generation ago so nearly disrupted the Union and destroyed the solidarity of the nation was but a phase of it. And now we are engaged in yet another phase of it, peaceable, happily, but no less irrepressible and inevitable than that.

Recently great progress has been made. Indeed, so much has been accomplished, so many battles have been fought and won that some sanguine souls seem to see the beginning of the end of the latest phase of an age-long

conflict. The final consummation of hopes long deferred seems at hand, the hour of jubilee is all but come. Much has been accomplished. Much more is about to be achieved. But amid the joy and gladness things done and now in doing bring, I pause to call you back from jubilation to the battlefield. Final victory is not yet ours. The conflict still rages. The impact of marching, struggling hosts is not yet past. We must still be up and doing. There are still crosses to bear and crowns to earn. The present is not the hour of jubilee. He who thinks so does but deceive himself. Before that hour comes many ambitions will be crucified, many party affiliations will be changed, many men will fall, many battles will be fought, some of which will be lost, some won. The path to final victory lies through sacrifice. But we will not pause because of that. We'll gird ourselves anew and march toward the sound of the guns. We are a Christian people. Our institutions are Christian. Our literature is Christian. Our thought is Christian. Our purpose Christian. And we will not be deterred because our pathway lies through new Gethsemanes. The Christian church had its birth amid scenes of grief and tragic sacrifice. The scourging of the Savior, the scene in the Garden, His crucifixion, the agony of His final dissolution, are striking evidences of this truth. The unnatural death, one after another, of all His chosen disciples, save one or two, accentuates it, and the martyrdom of their followers on cross and gibbet, in dungeon and arena during the early centuries certifies to its verity. Consecration, sacrifice, atonement! These are the pillars upon which the Christian church is founded. Beneath them, deep and abiding as the centuries, is the all-pervasive, all-inclusive love of the Father. His love for man was the impelling cause of the consecration and sacrifice out of which the Christian church arose. Indeed, sacrifice impelled by love began with God Himself. He "so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whoso-

ever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Thus commissioned and thus impelled, the Savior came to earth to redeem and reclaim the sons of men. His pathway led Him through Gethsemane up to Calvary—the one marking the consecration, the other the atonement His mission required. Through the Garden and the Cross and the prayer and consecration and sacrifice incident to them He drew His disciples unto Him and cemented between them ties of affection that separation and persecution could not break. Then He commissioned them in His name and sent them forth, and they, in turn, through prayer and consecration and sacrifice drew unto them a multitude of men and women whom neither sword, nor cross, nor flame, nor mortal fear could turn away. It was these that John, in exile on the lonely Isle of Patmos, saw in his wonderful vision of the Apocalypse and of whom he wrote: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

The Savior was crucified? Yes. His apostles met violent deaths? Yes. Their followers were stoned and killed and burned? Yes. But the cause for which they stood survived. It could neither be killed, nor burned, nor crucified From the piled stones, from the spilled blood, from the scattered ashes, the church arose, aflame with inspired purpose, glorified and triumphant. So it has always been; so it will always be. No just cause ever dies! It may be temporarily set back. It may sometimes lose a battle. Its champions may be scattered. Its advocates for the time may be silenced. Its defenders may fall. Their ashes may be given to the winds. Its followers may be killed and burned, but out of their ashes and their blood the cause itself will arise anew.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers."

And so with this great cause which I now plead. The men who stand for it may fall. Those who now defend it may cease to be. They who today administer government in its name may go out of public life and cease forever to have to do with public affairs, but the cause will remain and God will raise up for it new friends, new advocates and new defenders, until in the fullness of His own time He shall crown it with victory glorious and enduring. In the struggle we may lose a battle now and then, but we'll not lose the war. You remember in the tragic days back yonder when the Nation battled for its life and for the solidarity of the Union we lost some battles. We lost Bull Run. We all but lost Shiloh. We lost Chancellorsville. We lost Fredericksburg. But we did not lose the war. Out of the carnage and the sacrifice of Bull Run, of Shiloh, of Chancellorsville, and of Fredericksburg there came the consecration of high resolve—a sublime moral exaltation—that later gave us Appomattox. Appomattox with its victory! Appomattox with its surrender! Appomattox with its peace! Appomattox with its reconciliation. Appomattox with its new birth of freedom for my country!

Centuries have come and gone since the Crucifixion. Between then and now the years rise high. Governments have fallen and institutions have crumbled. Nations have arisen and disappeared. But the gentle Gospel of the Christ remains—the most potent power in all the world—bringing to the people of the present age a new earth and a new civilization.

In the history of the race a hundred years is but a brief period and yet less than a hundred years ago there was no government anywhere among men that did not tolerate human slavery. But today there is no government anywhere among civilized men that permits it. The progress of less than a hundred years! Surely,

"Thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns!"

The days of "the shedding of the blood of the saints" are past. And with them have gone something of the devotion, something of the consecration and something of the militant spirit which in the early days gave the Christian church its power and glory and made it a flaming sword. This is unfortunate. It ought not to be. It need not be. I do not deny the church's present power nor that progress in certain directions is being made. That I admit. I concede that taken as a whole the church never exerted as forceful an influence along ethical lines as it does today. It never taught man's duty in respect to himself and the rights of others as effectively as it is teaching it now. It never ministered as tenderly to his temporal needs. It never responded as quickly or as willingly or as generously to his cry of physical pain or of bodily suffering. It never did as much to dispel ignorance and spread knowledge. It never was as charitable. It never was as altruistic. It never was as tolerant of differing creeds and sects. Indeed, it adds daily to the sum of man's temporal joys, but seems to grow less effective to meet the needs of his inner life. It seems more concerned about the welfare of man's body than it is about the salvation of his immortal soul. Its ministries are becoming more ethical and less spiritual.

Do you know what the Christian church lacks today? It lacks intensity of conviction. It lacks the power that comes from great conviction. If the Christian church was stirred and inspired with the power of a great conviction on the question of the open saloon, it could take this nation for temperance within half a decade. It lacks consecration. It lacks the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, the unction of Pentecostal fire. It has too many tin soldiers in its ranks; too many members who are militant only on dress parade. It is too patient with sin, too tol-

erant of evil. It is too placid, too well pleased with itself, too well satisfied with the world as it finds it. It is near forgetting that the Kingdom of God is a spiritual kingdom; that God Himself is a spirit, and that they who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth; that God's church on earth must be a militant church, its members militant Christians; that there are crosses to bear and crowns to win today as in the olden time. I would not have less of the ethical nor less of the altruistic than the church now has, but I would have more of those essential elements of power and greatness which I have named. I speak now not as a churchman, but as the Governor of this great Commonwealth, after years of observation and experience in public affairs, and I voice a profound conviction when I declare to you the country's need of a militant church—its need of a living, virile Christianity—its need of consecrated men and women, men and women who not only hate unrighteousness, but who are willing to bear arms against unrighteousness. In this great conflict in which we are now engaged there is place for Christian men and women only on one side. If there is present a Christian man or woman who does not know which side that is and is doubtful as to his duty in this behalf, I beg of him to go to his closet—the secret place of his home—and there in the presence of God and his own soul take an inventory of his religious assets. He is more nearly bankrupt than he is aware.

The world's need of a militant church is manifold and enduring, but if there were no other there is such need in a single direction in this our own land as to call into exercise every element of strength possessed and to inspire to as high and to as holy a service as the church has ever rendered. Indeed, the Christian church of America has an oft-repeated challenge lying even now at its feet. And unless it runs away there's fighting to be done.

The field is nation-wide. The issue is of transcendent import, involving the welfare of society, the faithful administration of government, the incorruptibility of American citizenship, and the well-being of both the bodies and the souls of men and women.

The domain to be fought for is this Republic, its manhood, its womanhood, its childhood, its homes and its institutions—institutions founded amid tears and sacrifice, institutions loved by the fathers and revered by their sons, institutions for which men have died at the battle's front fondly hoping thereby to preserve them to their children to the latest generation. The trophy to be struggled for is a stainless flag—the banner of the free, ensign of a Nation redeemed and glorified. The foe is the organized liquor traffic of America. It is an enemy well worth while. It has great wealth. It is intrenched behind property of great value. It reaches the financial interest of many men. And today it is desperate—prepared for anything. It respects no law that adversely affects it, human or divine. In this Commonwealth it violates every statute made for its regulation, restraint or control. In Maine and Kansas it tramples upon the most solemn constitutional compacts. In New Jersey it sends infernal machines through the national mails to strike down the head of the State because he seeks the enforcement of laws duly enacted for the welfare of her citizens. The rules of civilized warfare are to it a meaningless jingle of idle words. It is an outlaw. Its banner is a black flag. It respects neither age nor sex. It has no religion but the greed of gain; no love that the lust of gold does not corrupt; no pity that avarice does not strangle. It is marshalling its hosts for a conflict the impact of which will shake the land. And the Christian church of America must meet it or run away, and she cannot run away. Her transcendent past, the memory of her martyred dead preclude her running away.

No! She must stay and she must fight! Aye! And she will stay and she will fight, not one, but a hundred battles before she flees the field or yields a single point. But, hear me, if she fights she will need men, not in Heaven, but in Indiana. There is room in Heaven for good men, yes, but there is more need of them in Indiana. In Heaven a good man may sing songs of praise and wear a crown. That I concede is a great business, but in Indiana a good man, if he possesses the power of a great conviction on this question, may bear a cross and earn a crown. And that I hold is a greater business. Need men! Yes, men of moral fiber, of sound judgment, of exalted, inflexible purpose and dauntless courage.

"Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinion and a will;
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking!"

In the last few weeks I have sometimes wondered if there are any such men left in Indiana. And then, remembering the splendid past of this great people—remembering the marvelous answer they made in treasure and in men to Abraham Lincoln when in the storm and stress of war he asked for money and for men to maintain the Nation's solidarity and save the Union's life—remembering that in all the great conflict that ensued there was no battlefield where the spilled blood of Indiana's sons did not hallow its trampled soil—I have made answer for her people, and said: "Yes, I will find such men in Indiana, and I will go to them and I will make my appeal to them." Abraham Lincoln! Let us think of him a minute. Child of poverty; Freedom's advocate; President of the Republic; defender of the Union; emancipator of a race; savior of a Nation; the sweetest, gentlest, kindest character in all the tide of time since the Christ returned to Glory Abraham

Lincoln! We know him as we know no other great man in human history and yet he remains to us an insoluble mystery. We cannot reconcile what he was with the depths from whence he came, nor what he did, nor what he said, with the narrow limitations of his life.

Born in abject poverty, of a shiftless, purposeless parentage; cradled amid the solitudes of a primeval forest, in a floorless, windowless, doorless cabin, surrounded by an environment calculated to stifle his ambition and dwarf his soul; the speech of his parents and his early associates so idiomatic as to constitute a dialect—yet in his later years he spoke the most perfect English of his time. How strange that this should be! He know little of the rules of rhetoric, but he wrote with the beauty of an Addison and with the strength of a Carlyle. He left to his countrymen an hundred sentences worthy of a Shakespeare in his sublimest mood. He knew even less of the laws of logic, but he reasoned with the unerring directness of a ray of light and with the certainty of a Bacon. He was not deeply learned in books, but he wrote state papers, all of which are lofty and some of which are sublime, the most perfect examples of literature found in the language in which they are couched; and he gave utterance to the greatest speech ever coined by human tongue. Called from this narrow environment without previous wide experience in public affairs to administer the government of a great Nation in the hour of its most crucial peril, he so met the obligation laid upon him as to make the race his debtor and win immortality.

He called about him, as his advisers, strong men, learned, ripe in experience and of superior parts—men who had been wont to formulate policies and declare issues—among them Seward, the most learned and accomplished statesman of his time; the Governor of a great State, its representative in the Senate of the United States; the one

man who justly expected the nomination to the Presidency which had gone to Mr. Lincoln, and who took office under the administration only because he believed he, Seward, would be able to administer the government as the power behind the man whom the people in a moment of weakness had chosen to administer it instead of him. Who else? Salmon P. Chase, the Governor-Senator from Ohio, the founder of the new party in that Commonwealth, a man of marked capacity, unbending purpose and vaulting ambition. And who else? Edwin M. Stanton, the most imperious, unyielding character that ever sat in a Cabinet; a man of iron will and a temper that brooked no opposition to that will. And yet this strange, unknown and inexperienced man from the prairie made himself the master of these men within a year and remained their master until the end, and this, not because of his superior position, but because of the superiority of his intellect, of resource, of conscience and of heart. He had made himself so completely their master that in the end amid the gray dawn of the April day, when he lay still and cold in death among them Stanton, with tears streaming down his bearded cheeks, from eyes long unused to tears, turned to his bereaved associates, and in voice quivering with emotion, said to them, as if in confession: "There lies the most perfect ruler and master of men the world ever saw." Great tribute that!

When occasion required Mr. Lincoln was stern and unyielding as an angel of justice. He could say no and stand by it at every peril to himself. And yet, his heart was so big with pity, his soul so wide and aflame with love for his fellows, that he often paused amid the rush of great events—events involving the life of a Nation, the fate of a race—and stooped to wipe the tears from the cheek of humble grief. The private soldier, the mother in northern solitude, the widow, and the orphan ever held a place in

his great heart. He loved the people. Their sacrifices and sorrows made him somber and gloomy as the solitudes from whence he came, and yet, through it all—and here is the crowning glory of this great man's life—through all the carnage and the bloodshed, through all the heartache and the heart-break, through all the criticism and the calumnies, false as sin and cruel as hate—he kept a sublime and flawless faith. Where others doubted he believed. When others ran away he stood steadfast amid the storm and shock of war, and would not yield! He walked the earth? Yes, amid its encircling gloom; but he looked upward through the darkness into the light where God is, and was not afraid.

He did not save the Nation alone. I do not contend he did. There were others who toiled and struggled and sacrificed, but he was its savior none the less. Stirred and inspired by what he said and did, the stooping masses sprung erect. They rose from the commonplace and became sublime. They climbed from the shadowy depths to the purple heights and for four years dwelt amid a supreme moral exaltation! And it was this supreme moral exaltation on the part of the multitude that saved the Nation and kept its flag in the sky; and Lincoln was the well and source of this supreme moral exaltation. His labors made the broken Union whole! His death made its foundations one!

You wonder why I paused to pay this tribute to the memory of Mr. Lincoln? I did it because his life has been more helpful to me from my childhood to the present hour, than the life of any other man of whom I have known. What I have said is the homage gratitude pays to him for what he has been and is to me. I did it because in times of stress and grave import a free people does well to pause, turn back the pages of history and read again the decisions and the deeds and analyze anew the character of their bene-

factors. I did it, too, for another reason—I want to make application of his dauntless courage, his unchanging purpose, his sublime and flawless faith.

We are constantly being reminded by those engaged in the liquor traffic of the property value of that traffic; that millions of money are invested in it; that more than $2,000,000,000 worth of property is involved and in the name of property we are commanded to stay our march toward prohibition or county local option. Here it is that I want to make application of the courage, the unchanging purpose and the sublime and flawless faith of Abraham Lincoln.

After four years of such war as the world till then had never seen; after $16,000,000,000 of money and of property had been expended or destroyed in its prosecution; after 300,000 new made graves had been digged in the Southland, and into them had gone the mangled forms of boys and men we loved; after he himself had stood at Gettysburg, amid the silent, unknown dead, where rebellion's high and cruel tide had ebbed and flowed, while the soil of the battlefield was yet wet with the blood of the gallant host who fell there; after all this, and with it all before his conscious sight, he turned to his heart-sick countrymen and said:

"Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

And then he called for more money and for more men and laid upon the altar of the Union that slavery might perish and freedom live.

Hear me, men and women of Indiana, hear me! If he could say that after four such years of war as he had looked upon; after $16,000,000,000 worth of property had been used or destroyed; after 300,000 of his fellow-citizens had given their lives in sacrifice; after he had stood at Gettysburg and looked upon its graves and its blood-stained field; if, after all this, he could say that and pursue unshaken his purpose unto the end, shall we stay our footsteps now because $2,000,000,000 worth of property lies in our pathway? Those engaged in this traffic know our pride in the thrift of our countrymen. They know our belief in the sanctity of property and in its name they seek to stay our hands, as slavery sought to stay the hand of Lincoln, forgetting that there are some things of more value in the country to society than property or gold. The peace of society, the order of society, the morals of society —these are the fundamentals upon which society and the sanctity of property rest. Take these away and there can be no safety for property of any kind. For upon these the safety of all property depends. Laws having for their purpose the preservation of the peace of society, of the public order, of the public morals, are the primal laws of all free government. And when property gets in the way of these fundamentals of free government; when it is being so used as to break the peace of society, as to disturb the public order, or as to corrupt the public morals of a State or Nation, property must get out of the way, or be destroyed in the struggle that ensues.

I am glad our friends on the other side are beginning to discuss the economic phases of local option and prohibition. I am glad that they are insisting to us that our success means loss of property, loss of employment to labor, loss of business and loss of markets for the farmer's grain. Why am I glad of this? First, because it is a surrender of all they have said on this question for ten years, and a

confession of its fallacy. Second, because it is not true, except as it affects the liquor traffic or temporarily some trade allied with it. And when my opponent bases his cause upon an untruth, the falsity of which can be ascertained, I may safely welcome a discussion of the thing upon which he bases that cause.

For ten years these same men have been saying: "Local option does not restrict and prohibition does not prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors." Did you never hear that? With this statement of theirs still fresh in our memory we may be pardoned, I think, if we submit the inquiry to those who made it: "If local option does not restrict and prohibition does not prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors, then why this frantic concern now on their part about the economic results of local option and prohibition?"

If I were engaged in the manufacture of a commodity for the market and you were engaged in a crusade, the results of which were an increased sale and a widened market for my product, I wouldn't lie awake o' nights studying how to stay your hand; on the contrary, I would remember you nightly and with much unction in my prayers. No, local option restricts and prohibition prohibits the sale of intoxicating liquors. It hurts their business. That's why they are opposed to both local option and prohibition. And it's why I am in favor of both. I want the traffic prohibited wherever it can be and restricted when it can't be prohibited. And just here lies the issue between us. Because local option restricts the sale of intoxicating liquors they want the unit of option as small as possible, and I want the unit as large as possible.

But they say: "Governor, we pay heavy taxes. We own much property used in our business. This property is now on the tax duplicate of towns and cities. Local option will drive us out of business and take our property off of the tax duplicate and the loss to the public revenues conse-

quent upon this depletion of the duplicate can be made up only by increasing the rate upon the property of others which remains upon the duplicate."

A few months since this argument was presented to me in concrete form. I had gone to Marshall, Illinois, to make a local option address. When I alighted from the train a friend handed me a statement signed by the nine saloonkeepers of the city, which ran as follows:

"We own $25,000 worth of taxable property now used in our business in stocks and fixtures and now on the tax duplicate. If you drive us out of business you strike this property from the tax duplicate. Please ask Governor Hanly to explain how the loss to the revenue of the city can be recouped unless the tax rate on the property that remains on the duplicate is increased."

I said to my friend, "I don't know these nine gentlemen. I never saw either of them. But I know the class to which they belong. Go to your county treasurer and get a certificate showing the amount of property they return for taxation and the amount of taxes they pay and I will answer the question." In the course of an hour or two I had the statement. In fact, I got it in time for the meeting. It disclosed the fact that the nine saloonkeepers, with a local brewery corporation thrown in, reported taxable property aggregating all told $1,300, and that they paid taxes in the total sum—city, county and state taxes—of $9.16. So it is in every community. The men engaged in the retail liquor traffic pay little or no part of the cost of government, but they add daily to its cost through the crime, pauperism and dependency imposed upon the community by their business. The business of the rumseller cannot be capitalized into an asset. It is always and everywhere a liability.

After I had read the statement of the county treasurer I called for the nine saloonkeepers to come to the stage,

and said to the people: "I want the whole nine up here where you can get a good look at them. I am willing to be generous for I bear them no malice. They may bring with them the local brewery. They may bring the $1,300 worth of property they returned for taxation and the $9.16 of taxes they pay. Now we have inventoried their every asset and have noted every contribution they make to the welfare of this community. And now on this side I want to assemble the manhood of Marshall, the womanhood of Marshall, the childhood of Marshall. Aye, the childhood of Marshall! Who can value it? Who can measure its possibilities? Its achievements? Its hopes fulfilled? Its dreams realized? Its aspirations attained? And who among you will barter them for the $9.16 of taxes these nine saloonkeepers pay? Who will do it? If there be one such among you, let him speak up."

But my saloon friends said: "Governor, you are not fair. Each of us under the law of Illinois pays an annual license fee of $1,000 into the city treasury, in addition to the general taxes we pay, and the city authorities use this revenue to build sidewalks, to improve the streets and to pay the interest on the debt of the city on the city water plant and the city lighting plant. Drive us out of business and how will the city recoup its loss to the revenues?"

I answered: "Yes, I am fair. I know that technically you each pay an annual license fee of $1,000 into the city treasury, but I know also that in truth and actuality you do not either of you pay a dollar of this license fee. Every dollar of the $1,000 you pay as license money is taken in over your counter from the men and boys of this community, and in addition $7,000 more, and you give them nothing in return but physical wreck, mental ruin, blunted sensibilities, moral degradation, passions stirred beyond control, heartache, dead sea fruit, and ultimate dependency and despair, and the money you take from them is not

yours, for in the forum of Almighty God no man can get title to another's money unless he gives him something of value in exchange for it. Judged by that rule, the money of which you talk, together with $7,000 of which you say nothing, belongs to the boys and men of Marshall, and there are wives in Marshall who have gone without needed clothing, and there are children in Marshall who have gone to bed hungry because this money was diverted to your coffers—children who far years have not known the symapthy, the love, the care and inspiration of a father's interest, because you have tolled their fathers away from their homes and into your dens of vice and there debauched them," and then I turned to the men of Marshall and said to them: "Simply as an economic proposition—leaving out all question of morals and of right—you had better let these nine gentlemen go and take with them the $1,300 worth of property they return for taxation, and the $9.16 of taxes they pay, and if necessary pay the $1,000 each of them has been paying per year into the city treasury as license money and save the other $7,000 that you have been paying each of them and for which none of them ever accounted." They thought about it a while and then concluded they'd do it, and on the next Tuesday they let them go. That was some months ago, and, strange to say, the municipality of Marshall still lives and the streets and sidewalks are still being maintained and the interest on the city lighting and water plants has not defaulted and the tax rate has not been increased. The experience of the city of Marshall is the experience of every town and township in Indiana that has banished the saloon. There are 42 county-seat towns that are dry and 831 townships, out of a total of 92 county-seat towns and 1,016 townships, and it is the testimony of the business men of these townships and towns who are not allied with the traffic that the absence of the saloon has bettered society, lessened

crime and brought about better business conditions. Business is better than it was before. Men buy groceries and pay cash who did not buy them before. Other men buy shoes for children and pay cash who did not buy them before. Others are paying their accounts who did not pay their accounts before.

Of all the men wronged by this traffic the man who toils for his bread is most cruelly injured. And of all men he can least afford the injury. His health, his power to labor, his physical and mental efficiency constitute his capital. And these are all impaired by his patronage of this traffic.

I cannot understand how any man who respects the sanctity of toil and the dignity of labor can vote against the enfranchisement of labor on this question or refuse it a chance to banish this evil from the community if it desires.

"Oh, but Governor, there is another effect of local option which you are overlooking," it is urged.. "We are consumers of large quantities of grain in the manufacture of our products. If you drive us out of business you strike down the market we furnish for the grain of the country, and ruin the farmer of America. Agriculture is the basis of wealth. The ruin of the American farmer means a financial and an industrial panic such as we have never seen." Again our friends are mistaken in their statement of facts. I might answer this argument conclusively by stating the fact that the brewery and distillery interests of the country consume in the manufacture of intoxicants less than two per cent. of its grain products and that the loss of two per cent. of the present market for grain would not materially affect the American farmer; but I pass that by to debate the merit of the statement on the theory on which it is presented. I believe I can demonstrate in fifteen minutes to any thoughtful farmer that the distiller or the brewer who furnishes him a market for a bushel of corn is not his benefactor, or the benefactor of

any man, viewed from the economics alone. Let us see.

An Indiana farmer brings to a distiller a bushel of corn, finds a market for it, and gets for it 50 cents. As he departs the distiller reminds him that he is his benefactor because he has furnished him a market for the bushel of corn and has paid him fifty cents. But the distiller does not state all the factors in the problem and without all the factors a correct solution is not to be had. The distiller takes the bushel of corn and distils from it four and one-half gallons of spirits. I do not know how much he dilutes them before he puts them on the market. Only the distiller and God knows that. I do not. The men who drink it do not. But if he does not dilute it at all he puts upon the market four and one-half gallons of intoxicating liquors, thirty-six pints. I will not trace the results of these thirty-six pints of alcohol. It would take too long. But I want to lay before you the results of a few of them. I will give you no imaginary stories, no speculative evidence. I will take instances from recent court records of Indiana and Illinois—records that may be verified and that could be readily duplicated in the court records of every State in this Union where the traffic is not inhibited.

Two years ago, one Sunday afternoon in the city of Chicago, a young man of good character, a teamster, the support of a widowed mother, crossed the street from his mother's home and went into a saloon, open in defiance of the laws of the State of Illinois. There he found music and song and jest and laughter and much drinking. He joined in the revelry and after awhile he was insanely drunk, his money gone. Then he was turned into the street and the door closed against him. He made his way across the street to his mother's home. There he importuned her for more money. Seeing his condition, she refused him. Seizing from the sideboard a revolver he ran out into the street with the expressed intention of

returning to the saloon and having more drink, money or no money. His little mother followed him into the street. Ah, how often the little mother follows her boy into the street. He may be weak and wicked, but she cannot let him go. She follows him into the street, even to the prison door and to the gallows. She never deserts him. Unselfish, constant and abiding a mother's love is the purest passion known to the human heart.

She followed him into the street, put her hand on him in kindly restraint and entreaty. He struck it from him in mad frenzy. Then his sister came and added her entreaties in vain, and then a neighbor whom he knew and respected, came, and sought in gentleness and friendly kindliness to restrain him, but in an insanity of drunken rage the boy raised the revolver and shot his friend dead upon the street. He was arrested. He was charged with murder. There was a trial. He was found guilty by a jury; and when the little mother, a frail little body, heard the verdict she threw up her hands and fell in a swoon. In three days she was dead. Dead of shock and of a broken heart.

A year or so ago in the city of Freeport, Illinois, a young man of one of the best and most respected families in the city, but of dissolute habits, became involved in a quarrel with a lewd woman of the town. Drunk to frenzy, he came to his father's house, armed himself with a deadly weapon and went forth into the city in search of the woman with whom he had quarreled. The first person he met was one of the most refined and cultured women in Freeport. She was on the public square. She carried her babe in her arms. Think a minute! Motherhood and babyhood! Upon the street of a free city, in the daylight, where they had a right to be. But the young man, mistaking her in his drunken rage for the woman he sought, shot her dead at sight. Shot her dead with her babe in her arms. He,

too, was charged with murder. He was found guilty, and Judge Ferrand, before whom he was tried, in sentencing him to prison said: "You are the seventh man in this community, in two years, whom I have been called upon to sentence for murder committed while intoxicated."

Last spring, in the city of Anderson, in our own State, occurred a tragedy which you, yourselves, remember. A young man by the name of Blake came home intoxicated. He knew his mother kept a small sum of money on her person. He demanded it of her. She refused to give it to him. He seized her. A struggle ensued. In the midst of it he snatched from the wood-box a hatchet and killed her with it. Killed her and robbed her. Think a minute! He killed and robbed his mother—her who had given him birth—her who had gone down into the valley of the shadow of death to give him life—her who had nourished him at her bosom, who had looked down into his blue and laughing eyes a thousand times with gratitude to God for so precious a gift—he killed and robbed her! The officers of the law pursued him, caught him, and brought him back. He was indicted for murder, tried, and found guilty. And only a few weeks ago Judge McClure sentenced him to life imprisonment.

In these three cases I have followed the results of only a few of the thirty-six pints of the distiller's product of the farmer's bushel of corn, but we have seen these few strike down seven lives—the three boys who committed the murders—the three people who were murdered—the little mother who died of a broken heart! And now, in the light of these three incidents, the result of only a few of the thirty-six pints of alcohol made from your bushel of corn, my farmer friend, I want to know if the sale of your bushel of corn to the distiller was a good commercial transaction for you? You found a market for a bushel of corn; yes. You sold it; yes. You got fifty cents; yes.

But a small fraction of the product from it struck down seven lives, all of whom would have been consumers of all the products of your farm for the terms of their life expectancies. Viewed from the standpoint of economics—from the standpoint of loss of markets and of consumers of your products, what do you think of the value to you of the sale of your bushel of corn to the distiller? Don't you think you had better have lost the market for that bushel of corn and saved the seven consumers of all the products of your farm which a small fraction of the alcohol he distilled from it struck down? But there is still another factor with which you must reckon before you decide against me. It costs $160 a year to keep young Blake in prison. If he lives thirty years it will cost $4,800 for his maintenance. Who pays that? The farmer who sold the distiller the bushel of corn for which he got fifty cents. Verily, Mr. Farmer, the distiller and brewer are your benefactors!

Driven from the field of economics in flight and discomfiture these men tell us that local option invades the personal liberty of the citizen and for that reason we should abandon our fight for it. They command a halt in the sacred name of liberty. Personal liberty! I want a word on that. Personal liberty is not personal license. License at its best is not true liberty. It is but the liberty of the jungle—the liberty of the anarchist—the liberty of the assassin—the liberty of the land where might makes right; where he takes and holds who can; where no government is, nor ever can be, save the government of the despot, of the absolutist. In this land that sort of liberty cannot be. Our fathers did not die to establish license. They died to establish liberty regulated by law. They knew if freedom was to endure they must regulate and protect it by law. They knew if I was not restrained, you could not be free, and if you were not restrained your neighbor could not be free. They knew that the rights of the few would of ne-

cessity often have to be subordinated to the rights of many. Knowing this they did not leave freedom to chance or accident, nor liberty to the whims and caprice of men. They put about it the limitations and the thou shalt nots of the law that it might endure and not perish.

Let me illustrate what I mean. If you were the only person living in the city of Indianapolis you could do as you pleased in that city. You could make a racetrack of Washington street—its most important thoroughfare—and drive your team upon it at mad rate of speed at any hour of the day, up and down. And if you were the only citizen living in Indianapolis you could operate a soap factory on the public square, situate in the heart of that city. And if you were the only citizen living in Indianapolis you could build and operate a slaughter house in the heat of summer on your front yard wherever your front yard might be located in that city. Being the only person in the city you would offend no one. It would be nobody's business.

But now you can not make a racetrack of Washington street in Indianapolis. You cannot operate a soap factory on the public square and you cannot build and conduct a slaughter house on your front yard anyhere in that city. You say you will—it's your team; Washington street is a public place and you will drive your team there as rapidly as you please; that an inhibition against your doing so interferes with your personal liberty and that your personal liberty is a sacred thing and must not be inhibited. Do you think so? Let us see about that. There are 235,000 other persons living in Indianapolis now, who have equal right with you to be upon and use Washington street—men, women and children—and for their protection and in defense of their right to use Washington street the law, in behalf of the many, steps in and says to you: "You may use Washington street, it's a public thoroughfare and you have a right to use it, and to drive your team upon it, but

you cannot drive your team there at mad rate of speed. To do so would imperil the limbs and lives of all other persons—men, women and children—of the city. You may use the street, you may drive upon it, but you must use it and drive your team there in such a way and at such slow rate of speed that you will not harm these other people. Their right to use the street as individuals is as sacred as yours, and their combined right to use it is superior to your right to drive your team there at high rate of speed. Indeed, their aggregate right to use it is so great and so sacred that your right to make a racetrack of it ceases to exist altogether and is no more." You say that interferes with your personal liberty. Not so. You have not thought carefully nor deeply upon the matter or you would not say that. Instead of interfering with your personal liberty to use Washington street it protects and insures your right to use it. The inhibition against your using it as a racetrack applies to all other persons and precludes them from making a racetrack of it and makes your use of it free from peril to your life and limb. So you see what you in your pride and thoughtlessness believed to be an impairment of your personal liberty is in fact a guarantee of your personal liberty.

And you! You can not operate a soap factory on the public square in Indianapolis now. You ask why you can not, and the answer comes. "There are 235,000 other persons now living in Indianapolis and such a use of the public square will impair their health and affect their enjoyment and comfort and you cannot make such a use of public property as will do that. And this inhibition does not impair your liberty, it protects and establishes it.

And you! You cannot build or operate a slaughter house on your own front yard anywhere in Indianapolis now. You say: "I will. It's my front yard. I own it. I toiled and struggled to pay for it. The title to it is in my

name. It's mine. I pay the taxes upon it. I'll use it as I please." Not so. Not so. It's your front yard? Yes, but there are now 235,000 other persons living in Indianapolis and the erection and operation of a slaughter house on your front yard would injuriously affect their health and happiness and the use and enjoyment of their front yards and homes and you may not use your own in a way to injure them. You resent that? You call it interfering with your personal liberty? Not so, not so. On the contrary, it establishes and makes sure your liberty to enjoy your own front yard in peace and happiness, for it assures you that no one of all the 235,000 other people who now live in Indianapolis may use their front yards for such a purpose, or for any other purpose that will interfere with the enjoyment of yours. In the restraint of the individual lies the liberty of the masses and, indeed, his own liberty. Society as a whole has rights which the individual can not violate nor impair even in the name of personal liberty without peril to his own and the rights of society, which thoughtless men are wont to inveigh against as an invasion of their personal liberty, do in fact invade but their personal license, subordinating their uncontrolled and selfish will to the welfare of society as a whole, to the good of the public.

Let me submit yet another illustration—an old and homely one, but one so simple that even a wayfaring man may understand.

I have the right to clinch my fist and to extend my arm and to contract it at will. It's my fist. It's my arm. I'll clinch the one and extend the other at my will, as often and as forcibly as I please. It don't harm you. It's none of your business. Under some circumstances that's true. Under others it is not. Standing here now I may. But if this stage were so filled with other men—men who had equal right with me to occupy it—that I could not clinch

my fist and extend my arm without bringing my clinched fist in contact with my friend's nose, I would have no right to clinch my fist and extend my arm. My right to extend my arm ceases just before my fist reaches his nose. My friend has a right to sit here with an unbruised nose, and his right to an unbruised nose is superior to my right to clinch my fist and extend my arm. Therefore, when the extension of my arm bruises his nose I must not extend my arm. And that inhibition upon my right to extend my arm does not impair nor invade my personal liberty. On the contrary, it saves my own nose from being bruised. For the fact that I may not extend my arm and bruise his nose is an assurance to me that neither he nor any other of the many men who sit here may extend his arm and bruise my nose. What seemed at first to be an invasion of my liberty is in fact a guarantee of my liberty.

From this I deduct what seems to me a fundamental truth essential to all free government: That the propriety of an act of the individual citizen so long as it affects no one but himself may be left to him; but the propriety of an act of the individual citizen which affects others than himself cannot be safely left to him. The propriety of such an act must be left to those affected. If it affects society as a whole, it must be left to society to decide whether it shall be permitted. The interest of the many cannot be safely left to the conscience of the individual. To do so would be the establishment of one-man power—the essence of absolutism. In a free government the propriety of every such act must needs be referred to society as a whole for the decision of the majority. That is liberty controlled by law. That's the liberty our fathers founded. That's the liberty for which I stand.

And now let us make application of that principle to the issue before us. The liquor traffic is inimical to the public welfare. It is a menace to the public peace, a drain upon

every vital current of the life of this Commonwealth. It is always a liability to society and never an asset. It injuriously affects all men, all women, all children wherever it is carried on. It incites to cirme, it begets pauperism and dependency and imposes a thousand ills upon society. If this be true, then society, acting through those who hold the franchise to speak for it, has the moral right to decide whether it shall continue. In addition to this moral right, which I believe is inherent, I want society to have the legal right to decide. That is local option. That is American. That is fundamentally right. And the man who disputes and opposes it strikes at the very vitals of free government.

Believing this, I am asking for a law enfranchising society that it may decide—a law that will give the qualified voters of the several counties of the State of Indiana the right to vote upon the propriety of the continuance of the traffic among them. I seek the enfranchisement of the people—your enfranchisement. I want to put into your hands a weapon with which you can protect yourself, your home, your wife, your child.

Upon this issue and in this behalf I appeal to you, believing that you, the survivors and the children of the men who have saved the life of the Nation, maintained the solidarity of the Union and kept its flag in the sky, will not turn away or fail me at such a time. The issue is before you. It is yours. It is for you to decide.

Personally I have seen so much of the evils of the traffic in the last four years, so much of its economic waste, so much of its physical ruin, so much of its mental blight, so much of its tears and heartache, that I have decided. I have enlisted against it for the war, be it long or short in duration. I shall not turn from the conflict until you are enfranchised and given power to control it. I may be broken. I may fall. But if broken, I shall be broken on

the field. If I fall, I shall fall with my face toward the foe—fall with an appeal upon my lips, not for succor or for quarter, but for justice for the manhood and womanhood of Indiana, for a fair chance and a square deal for her helpless childhood.

I bear no malice toward those engaged in the business, but I hate the traffic.

I hate its every phase.

I hate it for its intolerance.

I hate it for its arrogance.

I hate it for its hypocrisy; for its cant and craft and false pretense.

I hate it for its commercialism; for its greed and avarice; for its sordid love of gain at any price.

I hate it for its domination in politics; for its incessant effort to debauch the suffrage of the country; for the cowards it makes of public men.

I hate it for its utter disregard of law; for its ruthless trampling under foot of the solemn compacts of State constitutions.

I hate it for the load it straps to labor's back; for the palsied hands it gives to toil; for its wounds to genius; for the tragedies of its might-have-beens.

I hate it for the human wrecks it has caused.

I hate it for the almshouses it peoples; for the prisons it fills; for the insanity it brings; for its countless graves in potter's fields.

I hate it for the mental ruin it imposes upon its victims; for its spiritual blight; for its moral degradation.

I hate it for the crimes it commits; for the homes it destroys; for the hearts it breaks.

I hate it for the malice it plants in the hearts of men; for its poison, for its bitterness; for the dead sea fruit with which it starves their souls.

I hate it for the grief it causes womanhood—the scald-

ing tears, the hopes deferred, the strangled aspirations, its burden of want and care.

I hate it for its heartless cruelty to the aged, the helpless and the infirm; for the shadow it throws across the lives of children; for its monstrous injustice to blameless little ones.

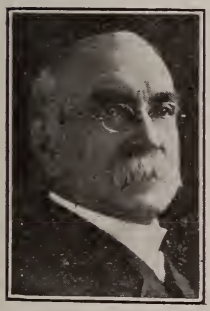
I hate it as virtue hates vice, as righteousness hates sin, as truth hates error, as justice hates wrong, as liberty hates tyranny, as freedom hates oppression.

I hate it as Abraham Lincoln hated slavery. And as he sometimes saw in prophetic vision the end of slavery, and the coming of the time when the sun should shine, the wind should blow and the rain should fall upon no slave in all the Republic, so I sometimes seem to see the end of this unholy traffic; the coming of a time when, if it does not wholly cease to be, it shall find no safe habitation anywhere beneath Old Glory's stainless stars.

THE SAFE SIDE OF LIFE FOR YOUNG MEN

By Hon. H. W. Bain, Lexington, Ky.

Moderate drinking leads to drunkenness; total abstinence leads away from it. Then total abstinence is the safer. Drunkards are made of moderate drinkers; drunkards are never made of total abstainers. Then total abstinence is the safer. The Bible definition of temperance is, moderation in regard to things useful and right; total abstinence regarding things hurtful and wrong. Is alcohloic liquors wrong as a beverage? It is bad in the beginning, bad in the middle, bad in the end, bad inside, outside, upside, downside; the enemy of blood, bone, muscle and moral character. Boys, never take a drink of intoxicating liquor, and when you are as old as I, you will not regret it. Some young men may say, "I will not go so far in its use that I cannot control myself." I admit you do not intend to. Do you suppose Edgar Allen Poe ever dreamed, when he took his first social glass with that old Virginia gentleman, that his last words would be: "Take thy beak from out my heart, take thy form from off my door, quoth the raven, nevermore"? Do you suppose Thomas F. Marshall, our gifted Kentucky orator, ever dreampt when he stood at the foot of the ladder of fame and all Kentucky pointed him to the golden glory



of its summit, that his last words would be: "And this is the end. Tom Marshall's dying, dying under a borrowed sheet, in a borrowed bed, in a house furnished by charity, and without a decent suit of clothes in which to be buried." I remember well the first time I ever saw that great orator. My father took me to Lexington, nine miles, to see and hear him. For two hours he swayed a great audience like the storm sways the mountain pine, for he could soar as high on unseen wings of eloquence as any offspring that ever plumed wings from a family of orators. That was the first time, and I remember, too, the last time. He was standing on a street corner in Lexington, leaning against a lamp-post, his eagle eye was dimmed by debauch, a thin, worn coat was buttoned across soiled linen, and dishevveled hair hung over his brow. As he straightened up, steadied himself and started for the saloon, touching traces of ancient grandeur lingered around his brow like the twilight on a storm cloud. Not long after he sat in a saloon at midnight telling political stories for drinks. When going off into a stupor some one said: "Give us another, Mr. Marshall." He was always eloquent, drunk or sober. Rising he turned upon the motley crew about him and said: "Ah, you remind me of a set of bantam chickens, picking the sore head of an eagle when his wings are broken." Some of you may be saying in your minds, "Such a man does not try to quit." One morning, after days and nights of debauch, Mr. Marshall was standing at the door of a blacksmith shop as the iron fresh from the forge was laid on the anvil white with heat. Mr. Marshall said to a friend: "I would seize that rod of redhot iron, hold it in my hand till it cools if it could only cure me of my appetite for strong drink." When he had taken the pledge and kept it some months he was called upon in a temperance meeting in Washington City for a speech. He arose and referring to the pledge he had taken, said: "Not for the

brightest wreath that ever encircled a statesman's brow; not for all the wealth a world could bestow would I cast from me this pledge of a liberated mind, this talisman against temptation, and plunge again into the horrors that once beset my path. So help me heaven, I would spurn beneath my feet all the gifts a universe could offer and live and die as I am, poor, but sober." He wanted to quit, but an appetite that had come boiling and hissing down in the veins of his family for generations was too much for his weakened will.

Before we had secured the secret ballot in Kentucky, in a local option contest, the question, "Are you in favor of the sale of intoxicating liquor in this district?" was propounded to every voter. In a contest in Covington, Ky., a man faced the clerk, and when the question was propounded, the voter drew a whisky flask from his pocket, and sitting on the window sill between himself and the clerk, he said: "Ah, you've hit me many a hard lick; you've taken away my last friend, broken my mother's heart and now sending me to the grave. I never had a chance to hit you before, but I will once. I vote 'No.'" And the poor fellow hurled the bottle into the street and walked away. Yet when we would remove the saloon from such men we are charged with robbing men of their liberties. Some men have about as correct definition of the word liberty as a good German had of the word self-defense. When taken before the court for shooting a dog, the judge said: "Did you shoot him in self-defense?" "Shoot vot?" said the German. "Did you shoot the dog in self-defense?" "Naw! I did not; I shoot him in de face and he schumped over de fence." That is the free man who lifts himself above the vices that ruin the soul.

It is said: "This is a free country; if a man wants a drink, and be a brute, let him be a brute." Brutes don't drink whisky. Who have been the drunkards of this coun-

try? Who was shot in Louisville, Kentucky, about twenty-five years ago while intoxicated? Young Henry Clay, the most gifted grandson of Henry Clay, the great commoner. While Harry Clay was dying, only a few blocks from him, in jail, to be tried for murder committed while drunk, was the grandson of one of the greatest men that ever honored Kentucky in the Senate of the United States; at the same hour, in the same city a great-grandson of Patrick Henry, in the station house drunk. S. S. Prentiss, whom Daniel Webster left his seat in the Senate that he might hear the great orator, sleeps in an unmarked drunkard's grave. George D. Prentiss, the great poet-editor, went down through drink. Scotland never produced but one Robert Burns, and yet this child of poetry and song penned his last words to a friend, begging a loan to save him from the drunken debtor's prison. But, thank God, while intemperance drags down the gifted and noble, temperance builds up the humblest and lowest. Bring me the poorest boy in this community; bring one 10 years of age; let him place his hand upon his heart and pledge me he will never take a drink of intoxicating liquor. Let him go out of this auditorium, keep that pledge, be industrious and honest, and in twenty years from now he will ride the roads of his county honored, respected and loved. We live in a land where rank belongs to the boy who earns it, whether he hails from the frescoed walls of a palace or "the old log cabin in the lane"; a land where a boy can go from a tow-path, a tanyard, or a rail-cut to the presidency of the United States; a land where I can look the humblest boy in the face and say:

"Never ye mind the crowd, my boy,
Or think that life won't tell;
The work is the work for aye that,
To him that doeth it well.
Fancy the world a hill, my boy,
Look where the millions stop:
You'll find the crowd at the base, my boy,
There's always room at the top."

I place industry with sobriety. Don't be lazy. I saw a man once who looked so lazy it rested me to look at him. A boy working for a farmer was asked by his employer if he had ever seen a snail. He replied: "Yes, sir; I think I saw one." "You must have met him, for your surely never overtook him," replied the farmer.

Never was there a day when a young man equipped with education, energy, ambition and good habits was in such demand as now, and never a day when a young man with bad habits in so little demand. If a young man applies for a position to railroad company or merchant, the question is asked: "What are your habits? Do you drink? How do you spend your evenings?" Even a liquor seller advertised for a young man to tend bar who abstained from the use of liquor. How would this read: "Wanted—A young man to sell shoes who goes barefooted?" Young woman, if the railroad company does not want him, the merchant rejects him, and even the saloonkeeper does not want him, will you take him for better or worse, wrap up your hopes of happiness in him, and to him swear away your young life and love? Some young lady may say: "If I refuse him I may be an old maid." Then be an old maid. Paint up and love yourself. John B. Gough said: "You had better be laughed at for not being married than never to laugh any more because you are married." But back to my line of thought. Young men, you live in a testing world. A world in which every bud on every tree and bush is tested. The bud that can survive the wind and frost goes on to flower and fruitage. The bud that can't stand the test goes with the wind to be trampled in the dust. Every cannon made by the United States government is tested. The cannon that can stand the test goes into battleship or land fort. The cannon that can't stand the test goes into the scrap-iron pile. Yonder is a young man who was born in the purple, nursed in the lap of luxury, but in

college his character could not stand the test. He exchanged his books for cards and wine. He was tried for murder some months ago and the insane asylum saved him from the electric chair. He may be released, but he will never be a free man. Conscience will goad him up and down the corridors of memory while life lasts. Yonder, a babe was born in a cabin. When 11 years of age he helped his mother tend a garden, and later on through adversity he made his way to the door of a college. He had but a few cents when he reached the village where the college was located. He arrived on a Saturday, went to church Sunday and put all of his mite in the contribution box to Christianize the world. The next Saturday he earned 75 cents with a jack-plane. He worked his way through and graduated with honor. At 28 he was in the senate of his State; at 36 in Congress, and twenty-seven years from the time James A. Garfield rang the bell of Hiram College for his board he entered the White House as President of the United States. Columbus was a weaver, Arkwright a barber, Esop a slave, Bloomfield a shoemaker, Homer a beggar, while Franklin, whose name will not die while lightning rips open the dark wardrobe of the firmament, went from the humble condition of a journeyman printer. With all earnestness I plead that you write the principles of total abstinence on your hearts as in letters of fire, and pray God to keep you far away from the tempter's path forever.

Some say: "This is a free country; if a man wants to drink let him do it and take the consequences." The trouble about that is a man drinks and some one else takes the consequences. A husband drinks and his wife takes the consequences. A boy drinks and his mother takes the consequences. But a few weeks ago a young man in Indiana took to drink and when his money was spent, and his appetite craved more, he went home and, knowing his

mother carried her money in a purse around her neck, he stealthily stole upon her as she bent over a cook stove and drove a hammer into her head. Cutting the string he took the money and continued his spree.

"Still the tribute money cometh
To the Nation and the State.
And precious souls are bartered
That the treasure may be great.
And women's hearts are breaking,
As they weep and work and wait
And conscience sleeps on."

No, thank God, conscience is wakening. When I began this work in Kentucky the heavens were black with the smoke of distilleries and saloons were in even cross-roads villages. Time and again my life was threatened. Today one hundred and nineteen counties in Kentucky and ninety-seven of them without a saloon. Georgia, North Carolina, Alabama, state-wide prohibition; Tennessee with only four cities wet, while Oklahoma comes into the Union born sober. You good people of the North better wake up, or else in return for having broken the shackles of slavery from the blacks of the South, the South will free herself on this question and, going North, help to free Northern whites from the curse of saloon slavery.

This transformation in the South is creating consternation in the ranks of the "Prince of Darkness." Enormous sums of money are being raised to stay the tide. Model license leagues are being formed and an effort is being made to "reform" the saloon by making "model saloons." This reminds me of the young woman who married. The next day a friend congratulated her upon having a "model" husband. She was greatly elated until she looked into the dictionary and found the definition of model to be "A small specimen of the real thing."

It is proposed to have, through a high-license law, a more respectable saloon system, and thereby a lessening of the evils that have made the average saloon disreputable. The sin is not in the character of the saloon or the

man who serves the liquor, but in what he sells. If you have the drink you will have the drunkenness; if you have the cause you will have the effect. Positive drink, comparative drinking, superlative drunkenness. You may try high tax or low tax, but all the time you will have sin-tax, and more sin than tax. Put a pig in a parlor, keep him there till grown, feed him the best of food and when grown you will have a hog. You do not change the nature of the pig, you may change the condition of the parlor.

Any question that has a great moral principle in it is never settled until you settle it right. And I believe if every man and woman in this country whose names are on the church records would step out into line resolved to ignore all questions of compromise and not to cease warfare upon the manufacture, sale and use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage, God would stretch out His arm and save this Republic from the greatest curse that threatens its life. Some one may say, "What can I do?" Little things are great things when done in God's name.

Shamgar, what's that in thy hand?

Only an ox-goad.

Come dedicate it to God and go slap the Philistines.

David, what's that in thy hand?

Only a sling and a pebble from the brook.

Come dedicate them to God and go kill that giant.

My little lad, what's that in thy hand?

Only five loaves and two little fishes.

Come dedicate them to God, they'll feed thousands and basketsful will be left.

My brother, what's that in thy hand?

Only a little ballot.

Come dedicate it to God and home and native land; go cast it against the American saloon and may God bless you and the influence of your ballot for the overthrow of the gigantic crime of crimes, the legalized liquor business.

FAIR PLAY

By Hon. James A. Tate, Harriman, Tenn.

A prohibitionist? The most popular opinion of a prohibitionist is something like this. He is a good fellow, first-class in the Sunday school or the church or the prayer meeting. We can not get along without him in such capacity, but when it comes to managing the municipal affairs of the city, or the politics of the county, state, or nation, it will not do to risk him. He is then a cranky, crazy, fanatical kind of person. First-class for the church, but unfit for the country. This, I say, is the popular opinion of a prohibitionist. I make this statement and I hope to establish its truth during the time I am permitted to speak. A prohibitionist is not a crank, is not a fool, is not a fanatic. He is a statesman and the only statesman on the liquor problem. Any man that occupies any other position than that of the prohibitionist is not a statesman.

To the proof: I am a prohibitionist in the interest of fair play—treat everybody alike. What do I mean by this? When this meeting is adjourned if two of you big fellows should come up here and jump on me and begin to kick me with your feet and cuff me with your fists, that performance would not go on two minutes until another big fellow would take one of you by the collar and say: "Come

off; it is not fair for two men to beat up one man." When he takes one of you off—I weigh 200 pounds—I will look after the other fellow. If boys see a big dog fighting a little one they will knock the big dog off; it is not fair. If, however, they see two curs equally yoked they will watch it with admiration until one dog hollows then the other must quit.

A whipped dog can not be chewed up in this country when boys are about. The spirit of fair play is in the minds and hearts of the American people. No pets, no specialties; one man no better than another; equal rights to all, special privileges to none; such is the American doctrine. In the interest of this spirit I am a prohibitionist. You will see what I mean by this before I get through.

We are a growing, progressive people; onward and upward is the progress of the race. The world is better today than it was yesterday, a month ago, or a thousand years ago. The books tell us that we once lived in caves, ate raw meat and for the purpose had long, sharp teeth. I am sure if that was our conditions once it is not our conditions now. As an evidence of our growth into better things you have only to think of the marked improvement in morals, in industry, and in every department of human activity, in your own neighborhood during the time of your own memory. Every decade brings us nearer the final victory for truth and right. You will see what I mean by this before I am through speaking.

I speak today in the interest of law—law that has to do with civil government. We are a law-making people. From the time civilization began down to the present the people have had some form of government represented by law.

A moment's thought will convince us that everything with which man has had to do had to have a beginning. The first chair had to be manufactured, the first audi-

torium had to be built, the first pair of shoes had to be made, the first law had to be enacted.

What was the first law that man ever made? The books do not tell us; in fact, the first law was made before we ever had books, school houses or churches. Since none of us know what it was, I will venture to suggest what I think it was. Ages ago in our crude, uncultured, uncivilized state I can see a community with no law, no order, no government. In this community I can see a man about six and one-half feet tall, with bushy head, prominent cheek bones and chin protruding. He passes along through the crowd and observes a fellow he does not like, he knocks him down for the privilege of seeing him kick. A little further on he strikes another fellow, then kills another. He is a desperado, bully, daredevil. He has just gone by and I can hear two other fellows talking. One says: "Did you see that man kill that one?" "Yes, I did; and I do not think he ought to do it." "That thing ought to be stopped, but I can't stop it; he can whip me." "Well, it ought to be stopped because I might get hit next. Here is an idea. Let all the balance of us get together and make it a rule, a law, in this country, that any man who kills another without a cause, that the balance of us will get together and we will string him up. Won't that stop it?" "Well, it will help to do it." In the opinion of this speaker down went the first great law. "Thou shalt not murder."

What made the people make that law? Did they want to get the murderer to Heaven? No, sir; they did not care whether he went to Heaven or somewhere else. They enacted that law in their crude way to protect society against the man that injures and hurts it. In fact, the protection of society against its enemies is the foundation of all human law. With this understanding I am going to climb the wall of this auditorium (in my imagination)

from the floor to the ceiling. At the bottom next the floor is the murderer; we have said to him: "Thou shalt not. You injure society." Yonder at the top, next the ceiling, we see another man; his mustache waxed and twisted, genial, pleasant, hail-fellow well met—the saloonkeeper. He injures society; brings pain, sorrow and heartache in his pathway. We say to him: "Thou shalt injure society. You pay for the privilege through a license fee." This is not fair. Treat men alike in a free country. That is my doctrine!

After we condemned the murderer probably a thousand years went by before we made another great advance in moral legislation. The people were busy, however. Conditions now are gradually improving. The people are building cabins instead of living in caves; clearing the land, planting in the soil, and in many ways making life more pleasant and profitable. During it all there was a big, lazy fellow in the neighborhood, not imbued with the spirit of industry, who refused to make a living by work. He would prowl around at night and watch for an opportunity, when honest people were asleep, to carry away the products of honest toil by others. When the farmer missed his produce he thought little about it at first. When the practice became common in the neighborhood the citizens began to wake up to the situation and, in groups, would give expressions to the thought embodied in the statement: "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat." So to protect the public welfare down went the next great law. "Thou shalt not steal." The purpose of the law! Not so much to improve the character of the lawbreaker, but to protect society against his disreputable business.

The saloonkeeper is still at the top, corrupting the morals of the people and is given the privilege by law, because he divides the profits with the public by means of revenue.

It is not fair. Treat men alike in a free country. It is evident that law making has been a development of the ages. It could not all be done in a day. It is a great comfort to me to believe that the people have always done the best they knew. The prohibition problem is undoubtedly a question of character and intelligence.

Watch the world development.

After we condemned the thief a period of time went by before another great advance was made in moral legislation, but the people were busy. They are now carrying on commerce in a crude way, building better homes, manufacturing clothing and many agricultural implements, building highways and becoming familiar with letters and other educational thought, but they still had the lazy fellow who would not work a lick. These loafers said: "If we steal they will string us up; so we must get a living some other way." So when they found a citizen coming home with a quarter of deer meat on his shoulder, armed with a club, they would step in front of him and say, "Throw up your hands," and up they go; the loafer takes the meat and makes off through the woods with it. At these first offenses the farmer smiled and admired the nerve of the intruder. The practice becoming general, the good citizens met and resolved that the throwing up of hands was getting to be monotonous and to improve conditions down went the next great law. "Robber, thou shalt not. You are a disturber of the public peace and debaucher of the public morals." The saloonkeeper is still at the top. We say to him: "Thou shalt debauch the public peace. You divide the profits with us in the form of revenue." It is not fair. Treat men alike in a free country.

By this time in the history of the world the population has so increased that it is impossible for the people to meet together in mass-meetings and regulate the affairs of the community. So the country is divided into empires,

republics and other forms of civil government, having such officers as are necessary to look after the civil and political movements that need attention. The world continues to improve in education, religion, industry and social life. In the midst of it all we still have the big, lazy fellows who are not inclined to honest work, or the making of an honest dollar. So they say: "When we steal they string us up; when we rob they string us up. Therefore, we must get it some other way." Gambling devices are soon invented, and, through the young men and others who will take part, the "tricks of the trade" are soon extensively advertised over the country. In the beginning all considered games of chance in the nature of fun or sport, and meeting with popular approval the practice spreads far and wide. It is soon discovered to be a debaucher of public morals and a destroyer of private character. When this thought took possession of the solid citizenship a reform is demanded in the interest of the public good. So the men interested in the social progress and morals of the people whispered in the ears of legal representatives, and down went the next great law. "Gambler, thou shalt not. You are a debaucher of the public morals, a disturber of the public peace and your business shall no longer flourish with public approval." The saloonkeeper is still at the top. In all parts of the country we have not yet reached his case. We are headed, however, in that direction. He pays for the privilege. It is not fair. Let us stand for a fair play in a free country.

It will be interesting to this audience to have us briefly call attention to the progress our own country has made for great moral reforms during the past twenty-five years. The people have always done the best they knew. As promptly as we have been educated to the truth on any great proposition, right legal action on the part of the people has always resulted. In the memory of many of us

present the lottery existed legally in many parts of the country. Many reputable citizens regarded it with favor. When its debauching influence was manifest, state after state abolished it until, finally, the lottery intrenched itself in the great state of Louisiana and was known as the Louisiana State Lottery. When the people became properly educated, the greatest contest in the history of the state took place in Louisiana over this proposition. The right triumphed. The lottery attempted to save its life by moving to Old Mexico, but Uncle Sam withdrew the privilege of the mails and the entire business became a thing of the past. The saloon, however, continues still in American life because it pays for the privilege, though a corrupter and debaucher of the public conscience. Let me remind you that it is not fair. Fair play in a free country.

As soon as this victory had been won, our people began to look about them for the next great moral battle to be fought out before the law. At this time prize-fighting, under the leadership of the great pugilists of the world, occupied the center of the stage in the sporting life of our cities and smaller towns. The press of America gave extended reports of the most minute details of every great battle. The public devoured this information with a relish that was amazing. It was soon discovered by the wiser heads and safer leaders that these bloodthirsty battles, often masquerading as athletic contests, were not for the good of the public, but most certainly had a debasing and demoralizing influence, not only on the spectator but on the general reader of the newspaper reports. In the interest of the public welfare the people demanded legislation and throughout this broad country prize-fighting was condemned before the law. The saloon, as a tormenter of public morals greater than a prize-ring leader, continues to do a lawful business at the old stand. It pays for its

privilege. It is not fair. Equal rights to all, special privilege to none, ought to be the practice of a free country.

In the discussion of the next character I want to reply to those people who insist that a man has a right to eat what he wants, to drink what he wants, to wear what he wants, to read what he wants, to go where he wants to, and to do what he wants to. In our opinion no more ridiculous position could be taken by any intelligent man. This is supposed to be a government under the control of law, and the right kind of law. Law to promote the public good and not enacted for private gain or personal selfishness. Near the ceiling, right under the saloon man, I see the publisher who profits by the publication of obscene pictures and literature. There is not a spot of ground on earth today over which the Stars and Stripes float where the bad picture man can run his business under the protection of the law. Everywhere we have said to him: "Thou shalt not. You are a corrupter of the public morals, and your business is against the public good." As far as I know or can find out, this position taken by our lawmakers, is approved by respectable and intelligent people throughout this country. Granted that this position is a correct one, for a moment I am going to stand the saloonkeeper side by side with the obscene publisher that you may observe the similarity in the fundamental principles governing their business. (Here Mr. Tate placed a chair to the left calling it a saloon, and a hat to the right, calling it an obscene printing establishment.) What is the motive that inspires the picture man to run his business? Money. Take the dollar out of it and the business is dead. A similar motive applies to the saloonkeeper. Money! Through what channel does the bad picture affect society? Passion, appetite. Through what channel does whisky affect society. Passion, appetite. A 14-year-old boy can understand this. How does the picture reach appetite?

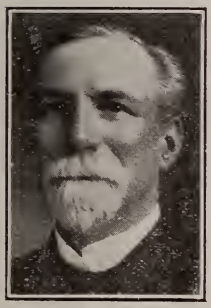
The physicians tell us we have five senses. Feeling, smelling, hearing, tasting, seeing. The picture goes through the sense of sight to appetite. Likewise liquor goes through the sense of taste to appetite. The indulgence in the picture habit produces moral ruin. The indulgence in the liquor habit produces the same. There is no difference as to the principles involved as to the character of these two trades. The only shadow of difference is the fact that one operates through the sense of sight, while the other through the sense of taste. It is not too much to say that the liquor habit is often the father to the other vice. To the picture man our government says: "Thou shalt not." To the saloon man our government says: "Thou shalt. You pay for the privilege." It is not fair. Treat men alike. Fair play in a free country—that is my doctrine. (Here Mr. Tate went through a pantomime. A performance that carried very effectively to the audience his thought, but as no word was uttered, it is impossible to place the representation on paper.) We are going to say in the near future to the saloonkeeper at the top: "Come down from your high perch; go in with the rest of the men that hurt society, in the interest of fair play." We started in to establish the fact that a prohibitionist is not a crank, a fool, a fanatic, but a statesman, and the only statesman on the drink problem. We believe we have done it. The prohibitionist is in line with the progress and development of the ages, from the time civilization began down to the present. "And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP

By Rev. Charles B. Galloway, D. D., Jackson, Miss.

"Render therefore unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's. Matt. xxii. 21.

The words I have chosen for a text were the reply of our Lord to certain questions of his enemies, insidiously designed to compass his ruin. The Pharisees and Herodians, though jealous of each other, and advocating priniciples that made them avowed and bitter enemies, formed an unholy alliance against Jesus, their common and dreaded enemy. They came to him with the question, "Is it lawful to pay tribute to Caesar?" By this they hoped to entangle him in certain destruction. The Pharisees were restless under the Roman yoke, and longed for their national independence. The Herodians were advocates and defenders of the Roman government, and were ever vigilant to detect any insubordination or insurrection. Now, if he refused tribute to Caesar, he would have invited upon his head the condemnation of the Herodians. On the contrary, if he acknowledged allegiance and subjection to Caesar, he incurred the relentless hostility of the Pharisaic party. So penetrating into the dark and malicious design of their question, he called for the tribute money. He asked whose is this image and superscription? They reply Caesar's. Then, said he, "render therefore unto Cae-



sar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's." This was a two-edged sword, sharp as an Arabian scimitar, cutting at once the Pharisees for their disloyalty, and the Herodians for their infidelity. With what telling, merciless power, like the battle-ax of Jehovah, must it have fallen upon their unsuspecting and unprotected heads. How must they have skulked away from such an unequal combat to hide their faces in shameless defeat.

But the Savior's reply was more than a mere victory over designing foes; it was the enunciation of a grand principle. Here He has stated with the clearness and force of omniscience man's twofold obligation to his country and his God. He is at once a citizen and a Christian. He owes allegiance to the laws of his country and the laws of Heaven. As a citizen He is obedient to the authority and pays tribute to Caesar; and as a Christian He obeys the commands and renders grateful homage to God.

We have set forth the Christian's attitude toward civil government. While the primary purpose of the Gospel is to redeem and make meet for eternal life, it fits men for every possible obligation and relation in this life. That is a cheap conception of the Christian religion which limits the sphere of its operation to what has been called "other worldliness" to ceaseless contemplation of and concern for the things that are heavenly. It takes in the whole man, the entire sweep of being, and is concerned for everything that affects his Christian character and destiny from daily bread to eternal life. While the characteristics of Christ's kingdom are clearly revealed, and our high citizenship therein described, we are reminded of obligations to temporal kingdoms under whose protection we live, and by whose agency God works out the destiny of nations and the race.

From these and other Scriptures we learn that God

exercises a providential watch-care over civil government. If He demands of us obedience to the civil authority surely He is not indifferent to the government we are to obey and sustain. God's hand has ever been manifested in the civil and political history of the world. Upon His eternal throne of light He has been no unconcerned observer of the rise and fall of nations and dynasties. Indeed, the history of nations is but the history of God's providence. He was Himself the theocratic ruler of a wonderful people—the author and administrator of their laws. Their crimes He punished, their necessities He supplied, their faithful citizenship He rewarded, and their bitterest enemies He conquered. By the strong arm of His power Pharaoh and his host went down to a pitiless death in order to accomplish the salvation of a chosen nation. He sends an angel to sweep His death wing over an enemy's camp, and Sennacherib's magnificent army lies pale and still in death. Though by immediate supernatural agency God no longer controls the affairs of state, yet He is as really administering the government of the world by unseen and noiseless forces in the interest of human redemption and the world's uplifting. I do not say that all kingdoms and governments are of special Divine appointment. Surely God did not inaugurate the despotic empire of Spain or the bloody revolutions of France, or make the reddened field of Marathon, Hastings and Waterloo. But these He has wisely and graciously overruled, to work out His great problem of human salvation.

Upon our own fair land God has smiled with special favor. Here He seems to have planted us to work out and illustrate the grand doctrine of personal and civil liberty. From the birth hour of the nation to this midwinter morning a good providence has blessed our history. Though we have passed through periods of trials and darkness—though sometimes the strain upon our national vigor

seemed more than we could endure—we have withstood the strain and stand today a very miracle of national history. After the shiver of the earthquake, and the roar of the tempest and the sweep of fire have passed, as before the prophet on Mount Horeb, God has spoken in the still, small voice of His providence words of comfort and cheer.

Second—The duties of citizenship and Christianity are not in conflict. No true fealty to God can be disloyal to country. Nor can patriotic service to country be infidelity to God. Obedience to magistrates is urged by the apostle as a Christian duty; submission to governors is exalted among the truest virtues, and is insisted upon as a warning to evil-doers and an encouragement to "them that do well."

Between spiritual and civil governments there is closest sympathy, but they are independent. There should be a distinct separation of church and state. Every minister of Christ should be a patriot, but never a party politician. The mitre and the crown should never encircle the same brow; the crozier and the sceptre should never be wielded by the same hand. Though separate, there is no enmity, but the strongest cordiality, religious obligation is not at war with good citizenship—on the contrary, the best citizen is the best Christian.

Nor need our Christianity be corrupted by patriotic service to country. Eminent usefulness and activity in public life need not compromise the most scrupulously religious conscience. Christian statesmanship is by no means an impossibility. The error which has wrought untold mischief in our country is couched in that old threadbare phrase, "We cannot contaminate ourselves with politics." This sentiment is essentially pernicious and destructive of the sacred privileges and institutions of a free government. The idea sought to be inculcated is, that no Christian can maintain his good profession and be a public man. This is in direct

conflict with the plain teachings of our Lord and the earnest exhortations of His greatest apostles. It is fruitful of infinite mischief to the public good. Suppose this theory should become general practice? Suppose Christian men withdraw from any activity in public affairs, social and national ruin would be the inevitable result. But this, happily, is not true. Many of the truest and purest Christians, jealous and zealous for the honor and glory of God, have been the greatest patriots and left imperishable memorials of their unstained honor and uncorrupted integrity.

Third—This brings me to another lesson of the text. That the duties and obligations of citizenship are imperative. There is not only no conflict, but these are of binding force. It is not at our option whether we shall be actively concerned for the state or not. St. Paul exalts this among the authoritative sanctions of conscience, "Not for wrath, but for conscience sake." If this ideal citizen shall ever be a universal reality—this carrying a conscience into every measure and station—we shall well-nigh have ushered in the morning of the millennium when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.

As American citizens, what are some of these duties? First, to exercise the privilege of the elective franchise. In republican governments founded upon and sustained by the popular will, it is a Christian's citizen's highest duty to use the power of the ballot in the interest of good government. In the palmy days of Athens, the citizen who failed to vote the second time was put to death—a man who cared so little for his country as not to vote for it was not considered worthy of its protection. It is idle—yes, it is criminal—to complain of corrupt officials, when by indifference and inactivity we have seen them foisted into position and power. We need an exalted con-

ception of our national honor, so that each individual will carry a conscience into the discharge of his duties.

Second—Obedience to rightful authority. We all need the restraining hand of law—the majesty of its behests should command our grateful obedience. It is perilous to the honor and prosperity of a free government when citizens at will, disregard constituted authority, and assume, or usurp the power of law. Here is possibly the weakest spot in our great democracy. Account for it as we may—analyze and catalogue the causes as skillfully as you please—fact remains that just here is the menace to our free institutions and the danger of our time.

With sorrow of spirit, but with great plainness of speech, I feel constrained to plead for the sacredness of human life, the majesty of law and the integrity of government. The homicidal spirit of our section is a humiliation and calamity. We need not resent the statement or deny the fact, because narrow partisans make political capital out of it. Nor is it any defense to reply that other sections are equally guilty and as shamefully disgraced. It is a mournful fact, and demands speedy correction and counteraction. We need to execrate and forever exile that silly sentiment that wounded honor is to be revenged by the fatal trigger. To condone it is to cheapen human life, and put a premium upon brute courage. It is a sad commentary on our civilization to see the average young man in defiance of law, but sustained by a debauched public sentiment, promenading the streets as a walking arsenal, and going to and from his place of business a hip-pocket defender of imaginary reputation. It humbles our national pride to be told that with the exception of Italy and Spain, the proportion of murders to deaths in the United States is not exceeded on earth, where statistics are taken. "Out of every 10,000 deaths in England, seven are murders. Out of every 10,000 in the United States, twenty-one are

murders." During the past four years there has been an aggregate of 25,557 known murders in this "land of the free and home of the brave."

But even more disgraceful to our boasted Christian civilization is the spirit of mob violence abroad in the land. When courts are disregarded and lynch law reigns the people may well put on sackcloth and ashes. There is no guarantee for life and property. The same defiant, murderous spirit that demands the life of one man without right of trial by jury will wreak like vengeance upon another if there be a supposed provocation. One such outrage will make each participant an outlaw, and ever thereafter he will have a contempt for tedious processes of the courts. Lynchers are always law despisers. There are no crimes or circumstances that justify resort to lynch law. Its effects in deterring criminal classes from like deeds is lost in its deadly influence upon participants themselves. Without going farther back than a few years ago, I can give you figures that will bring the blush of shame to every one proud of being an American citizen. "In 1892, for the 5,791 murders committed, 107 persons were tried by law and executed, while 236 were lynched by mobs, 231 of them being men and five women; 129 more persons were lynched last year by mobs than were executed under the law." And a full and shameful share of these were in our own great state of courts and churches, of homes and schools. In the name of God and humanity let us sustain the forms and majesty of the law. Pulpit and press, church and school must thunder an eternal protest until mobs are unknown, constitutional law sacredly enthroned and the infamous pistol forever prohibited.

The rule of the mob is chiefly due to the law's delays. The tedious and devious processes of the courts are the plausible plea for summary and ex-judicial punishment.

Rarely would men resort to outlawry to avenge crime if they had any confidence in the prompt and impartial administration of the laws. Justice is defeated by long, and sometimes criminal delays. The more desperate the case, the more persistently and skillfully will counsel contend for a continuance. The gallows has been deprived of its rights because of such tactics and technicalities, and society made to suffer the scourge of unpunished crime. On the most frivolous pleas, the absence of an unimportant witness, the toothache of another, the indisposition of an attorney, and such like puerilities, cases have been continued from term to term until they literally wear out. The bitter fruits of such judicial travesties are seen in the mob's "reign of terror" which so frequently disgraces our civilization. In the name of humanity and social decency, let us inaugurate a judicial reform. Most heartily do I approve the wise recommendations on this subject of our governor in his statesmanlike message presented to the legislature, and the practical solution of these calamitous evils suggested by the retiring attorney general. I am sure those called to be the representatives of the sovereign people of our commonwealth will not disappoint the cherished hope that as far as legislation can effect it, speedy and sure relief will be given.

The conviction and punishment of a criminal, after a fair and impartial trial, before a jury of his peers, is a moral education. There is in it no passion—no over-riding of any legal rights or restraints—but a calm investigation and condemnation in the clear, cold light of reason, justice and humanity. The brutal violator of a little girl's purity was arrested in Georgia some time ago, and brought to the injured child's outraged father. Friends besought him to say the word and the villain should be lynched, but like the true, well-poised citizen and Christian, he said: "Let the law take its course." Had he obeyed

impulse when he thought of the child's ruin he would have revengefully replied: "Yes, let the brute swing to the highest scaffold." We honor and commend such majestic manhood.

And we should be very cautious and judicious in securing the pardon of criminals. There is a morbid sentimentality in communities on this subject. Any man can get up a petition for executive clemency, however unprovoked and heinous his offense. Every such petition, unless based upon some exceptional facts, weakens and degrades law, and discounts human life. And yet there are volatile, sentimental people, who, under the spur of popular excitement, are ready to visit summary punishment upon a criminal, then hardly allow the gates of our state prison to close behind him before they begin to say, "Poor fellow," and are ready to sign a petition for pardon.

And then we ought to prohibit the pistol by law. It was only made for human destruction. It is utterly worthless to the huntsman. He would starve for game if he had to rely upon a "Smith & Wesson," "lightning Colt's," or a "self-cocking Tranter." Their manufacture is a humiliation, and concealed upon the person they make the bloody history that has caused the South to become a by-word among civilized nations.

Another sacred duty, though very prosaic and often unpleasant, is to serve on juries. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of an intelligent and incorruptible jury system in the maintenance of law and order. What stupendous interests are imperiled! What vested rights are involved when placed in the hands of incompetent and venial jurymen. The most contemptible and vicious man in society is the professional juror—unless it is the "jury fixer." Men of character and active business have betrayed the dearest interest of the commonwealth by plead-

ing frivolous excuses to escape this most responsible duty of an American citizen.

Fourth—A jealous regard for and the faithful support of those called to places of public trust. We should respect the man for his office. 'Tis honorable to be trusted with the suffrages of a people. At times we are afflicted with an epidemic of social and political suspicion. We exaggerate the faults and foibles of public men, until we imagine the country is on the eve of impending and irretrievable ruin. It is common, if not constitutional, to complain and magnify the causes of complaint. We talk of corrupt officials, of machine politicians, of rings, and of national crises, as though the clouds of God's wrath were about to burst over our heads as over the ill-fated cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. This suspicion may harden into a habit, destructive of our peace and prejudicial to the public good. Office is not synonymous with dishonor—most men regard it as a sacred trust. Because here and there a man proves unworthy is no occasion for universal suspicion and condemnation.

But I must close. Whatever dark and bitter days we may yet be called on to pass through, I verily believe that God will make us a greater nation. We have not yet achieved the full purpose of our divine creation and ordination.

During the battle of Hastings, when charge after charge was made by the Norman cavalry under the leadership of William the Conqueror upon the solid, unbroken Saxon lines of Harold, a report spread through the Norman ranks that the Duke was slain. Fear at once seized all hearts, and some would have fled from the field, but William galloped down the lines and exclaimed: "I am yet alive, and by the help of God intend to win a victory." This reassured their hopes and reinvigorated their Norman courage. The battle was won, and the Norman Duke became

King of England. So today I would say, whatever may be our reverses, I believe that by the good providence we are yet to be a greater people. Grateful for the blessings of the past, by conspicuous fidelity to the duties and honors of citizenship, let us add increasing luster to our national glory.

"WHERE IS ABEL, THY BROTHER?"

By Rev. E. L. Eaton, D. D., Evanston, Illinois.

Paradise and its day of sinless joy had passed from our first parents, and they went out crushed and broken to wage a weary battle—to toil, to suffer, to die! He, bowed but stern in manhood's strength; she, frail and weeping but clinging to him with a strength of devotion which no misfortune could ever destroy, both of them cheered and sustained by the declaration which Jehovah made to the tempting serpent: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." God's first promise to the human race! A promise of great glory in the midst of deepest gloom! But the shadow of the Fall was upon the world. Sorrow was in the heart of the father, and care had set its seal upon the fair brow of the young mother, who pressed her first-born to her bosom, and with dreams of the old joy and visions of the gathering gloom, sang her first lullaby as the sun sank behind the western hills. Paradise was theirs no more—gone forever—was but a dream, but some of its holy light still lingered upon the fair face of our first mother.

Did that mother dream as she pressed her babe to her heart in the fading twilight that some day the brand of

God's anger would burn where now clustered the locks of gold? That the little hand which clung to the mother's neck would one day be crimsoned with a brother's blood?

Thank God, the future is a land unseen! Infinite mercy hides it from our vision. If it were not so, what choking sighs, what scalding tears, what broken hearts this night —this very night—would witness! Who would have the curtain lifted? Who wants his fortune told? None but an insane man would dare to penetrate the awful mystery of the future until infinite wisdom shall lift the curtain. The holy joy in that mother's song was born of the fact that she did not know that her little boys who grew up to manhood side by side would one sad day be estranged in heart. She did not know that when they came to build their altars of worship, one of them would bring of the fruits of his field an offering to God, but would make no acknowledgment of sin and of the need of a Savior; and that with his offering God would be displeased. And that the other, bringing of firstlings of his flock, would offer a sacrifice which, looking away down through the dim ages to the great sacrifice on Calvary, should please God and be accepted. She did not know that jealousy and anger would spring up in the heart of her first-born son, and that he would lift his hand in wrath to slay his brother!

But, alas! he did; and there was a new cry in the world, and the earth drank its first baptism of human blood! Oh, the bitterness of sorrow that filled that mother's soul as she pressed the broken temples of her son to her aching heart, and knew that her first-born was a murderer!

"Alas, the fruit of our forbidden tree begins to fall." The blood of the first martyr rose to heaven, and God said: "Where is Abel, thy brother?" And the cowering criminal tauntingly answered: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

And that has been the cowardly cry of Cain for more than 5,000 years. Every man of the race of Cain who wrongs his brother, seeks to exonerate himself from blame by this same old complacent whimper: "Am I my brother's keeper?" It is the taunt of the man who loves the almighty dollar more than he loves God or his fellowman. It is the satanic Cain-life in the man who would make and sell cigarettes to poison the heart and wreck the nervous systems of the boys in the street. It is this satanic Cain-life in men who would, for the almighty dollar, wreck the souls of the young and fair in brothels; that would keep gambling dens to steal the money and debauch the souls of men; that would make and sell beer and whisky to embrute and enslave and murder his fellowmen. It is the Cain-spirit that disclaims any obligation for a brother's welfare. It is the Cain-spirit that, ignoring and repudiating his duty to his brother man, fills the world with lust and greed and drunkenness. It is the Cain-spirit that curses our very civilization with saloons, and fills the land with their moral and physical wrecks! The supreme, concreted, materialized spirit of the Cain-life is the saloon of our country today. And so I charge the saloon as being guilty of nearly all of the physical, mental and moral wreck which we encounter in this land.

The saloon debauches the public conscience. It threatens every man with political or financial harm who opposes the saloon. It intimidates good men in that way, aud thus secures their silence or their support. It has shown that its methods are conscienceless. It is a coward, which will strike, and burn, and kill in the dark. And thus it continues to reign in many places, because many otherwise good men would rather submit and acquiesce in this reign of rum and wrong, than to hazard the inconvenience and danger of a manly and aggressive warfare against it. This blatant braggart of the saloon has thus

made cowards of many good men. But, thank heaven, the day is passing when God-fearing and manly men are any longer to submit to the infamous wrong! And heaven pity the man who pretends to be a good citizen, who will stultify his soul to save his dollars! Who sells his manhood to keep his money! Who will acquiesce in wrong to get rich! Who will consent to the reign of booze, though it may damn his neighbor's boys! "Oh, but there is such a revenue in the saloon licenses! Such a source of revenue to the city! Such taxes it saves the people!" Yes, men believe that it fills the coffers of the city treasury with gold.

Go where night is darkest, and where broken hearts are bleeding over the ruin which your licensed saloons have wrought, sing the song of the almighty dollar, and tell them that for all their bitter agony your palm is filled with gold.

Tell them that for gold you have acquiesced in the great wrong, and are now ready to lick the dust off the heels of saloonkeepers, to crawl through all the slimy sewers of political sin and municipal wickedness. Tell the shivering and hungry children that you have hoodwinked Providence and astonished the devil with a brilliant financial hocus-pocus called a saloon license for cash paid in hand, that has taken the food from the mouths and the clothing from the backs of these helpless little ones, and has changed it all into gold—licensed gold!

Tell the weary, haggard wife that this saloon license has put into your till in yellow gold a paltry percentage of the rose that once bloomed upon her cheek, her heart, her home, her happiness, her husband's love—all gone—and gone forever; but you hold ten per cent. of it, changed by the God-defying alchemy of saloon politics and rum rule, into yellow gold!

Tell the poor drunkard, as in wild delirium he dreams

that he can yet beat back the volcanic fires that consume him, that you have in your pocket the price of his deep damnation in yellow gold!

Stand at the threshold of the asylum, and mockingly taunt the deformed, the squalid, the idiotic, the hungry and the insane victims of drink, with the news that out of their misery and ruin you have gathered a harvest of license gold! That the mills are still running, and that the curse is still moving on.

Stand by the remorseless hinge of the prison door that shrieks after its entombed victim, and cheer thy brother's desolation with the news that you sold him to crime and shame for gold!

Tell the ragged orphans in the streets that for a handful of yellow gold you deliberately became particeps criminis to that accursed infamy that robbed them of food and clothing, home, parents, education; that you deliberately sold them to poverty, shame and crime for gold, and a just God who demanded his brother's blood at the hand of the first murderer will press the fratricidal brand to your brow, and hold you to strict account for these little ones!

Stand by the 100,000 new-made graves of the last twelve months' harvest, and, with the open Bible which declares that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God, while reel before you the ghosts of uncounted thousands slain by the saloons licensed by the votes of Christian men, each lost soul justly taunting you with his deep damnation, tell them that the price of their death and damnation lies in your city treasury in yellow gold.

As the awful pageant sweeps before the vision the frenzied brain will think, and the aching heart will groan! But by and by the shrieks will grow faint; the remembrance of the awful scene will fade away in the dim distance; we will take up the routine of life and think that all is past and forgotten. But let us not forget, brother!

We shall stand at last with that slaughtered host, face to face before God's judgment throne—the drunkard and the drunkard maker—the saloonkeeper and the sot—the Christian voter who licensed that saloon, and the man whom that saloon murdered—the wrecked and ruined brother and the man who flippantly declares that he is not his brother's keeper—all face to face before the awful presence of Him whose voice seems to fill eternity with its thunders—"Where is Abel, thy brother?"

The accursed saloon system ought to die! Our Christian manhood, the Christian church, ought to go forth in the power of its Divine Lord and take the scalp of the infamous traffic and lay it down at the feet of its crucified Savior. The liquor traffic has outraged decency. As Senator Carmack of Tennessee said: "It has sinned away its day of grace. It has forfeited its right to live any longer!"

The American saloon is on trial as never before, and the legal proceedings will never end until it has been pronounced guilty and condemned to death! The aroused and indignant American people are now charging the saloon with high crimes and misdemeanors in the name of the good people of this country and of Almighty God. They are indicting the saloon—

1. As a nuisance. According to the Standard Dictionary a nuisance is anything that works annoyance, harm or damage to others. And the legal definition of a nuisance is this: Any occupation that tampers with the public morals, tends to idleness and the promotion of evil manners, is a nuisance per se. And upon that legal ground Judge Ira W. Christian, of the Hamilton county, Indiana, circuit court, on the 13th of April, 1907, pronounced the saloon a nuisance. He did this because every common law definition of a nuisance is fully exemplified in the saloon. It has all the signs, features, earmarks, disease-producing, crime-breeding, death-dealing—all the horrid factors and

qualities of a nuisance. Why, then, should not the courts be honest and pronounce it such? This status had rarely been adjudicated by any court; and so Judge Christian crossed the bloody chasm between the abstract and the concrete, and boldly pronounced the saloon a nuisance and declared that as a nuisance it could not be licensed nor protected by the Constitution of Indiana; for that Constitution says that: "We, the people of the State of Indiana, grateful to Almighty God for the free exercise of the right to choose our own form of government, do ordain this Constitution to the end that justice may be established, public order maintained, and liberty perpetuated."

2. I indict the American saloon as a fraud, a prevaricator, a purveyor of falsehood. Prevaricator is the dictionary word for liar. It is vicious, but it always denies it. It is the breeding place for crime and arson, but it never owns up nor pleads guilty. Its witnesses in court always lie; its advocates juggle with words and smuggle in falsehood; its jurors violate their oaths, and whitewash the saloon's blackest crimes. And there is no deception known to the arts of wicked men that it will not resort to, to cheat the gallows and rob the prison and perpetuate the saloon curse upon the community.

What does it not always promise the poor victim of drink? But its very promises are lies. It promises him a good time, and gives him sorrow and heartache. It promises him a happy home; but go to that home and you will see that generally it is a hovel, and no home at all. Instead of happiness it is generally hell! It promises him wealth, but it makes him a pauper. It promises him good cheer, but it fills his waking hours with remorse and his dreams with horror. The drunken son will go staggering home to his mother with a lie upon his lips. The husband will try to deceive with a lie the wife who has waited for him till past midnight. The hard-up will blame every-

thing for his poverty but the saloon. He will borrow money of you to buy a coffin for his dead child, and will go straight to the saloon and spend every cent of it, and tell you the next day that he was robbed of the money, and ask to borrow more. When too drunk to work, he will lie to his employer and say he has the grip!

It lies to the poor man and the laborer when it tells them that temperance means the destruction of their personal liberty. It says: "Drink; you have a right to eat and drink when and what and where you blank please!" And that's personal liberty! And so the poor laborer drinks, and enjoys his personal liberty, and thanks God that he is no fool fanatic like those temperance men! Not he! He has personal liberty! And so has his wife personal liberty—the personal liberty to take in washing to keep the children from starving; his children have the personal liberty to pick up coal beside the railroad and carry it home in bags to keep from freezing; the family have the personal liberty to eat salt horse and sour bread, while the father of the family enjoys his personal liberty to buy furs for the saloonkeeper's mistress, pay for music lessons for the brewer's daughter, and foot the bills for the distiller's son's blow-out! Personal liberty! Sure!

The saloon lies, when it says, as it is now saying, that it is a source of revenue to the city, and profitable to the city's business. The saloon is a source of revenue to itself alone, and source of poverty to everybody else but the coffinmaker and the grave digger. It impoverishes the city. Carroll D. Wright has told the American people for a dozen years that the state never gets one dollar of revenue out of the saloon that does not cost the state $20! The city of Beloit, Wisconsin, licensed a saloon for $50, and then two men got drunk in that saloon, and that drunk cost the city $600!

It is reported that Kosciusko county, Indiana, received

$2,000 in license money from her saloons in one year, and during that year there were two saloon murders which cost that county $13,000!

This country gets about $200,000,000 internal revenue from the liquor business annually; and we get about $100,000,000 annually for license fees. That makes about $300,000,000 in all. Now in order to get that amount America spends annually for liquors $1,250,000,000. That is the direct cost of her liquors. The indirect cost is about as much more; the two together then would be $2,500,000,000. That means that every time America gets $3 in revenue from the liquor traffic she pays out $25.

When the saloons of Logansport tell you, as they have recently done in the public prints in that town, that the saloon is a source of revenue and of business to Logansport, the saloon lies. It claims that it has added to the business and financial resources of this city in the employment of men, and horses, and rents, and horse feed, blacksmithing, electric power, water and gas taxes, license fees and railroad freights, the sum of $160,000 in one year. That is the income. Now, what is the outlay? Sixty saloons taking in $25 per day each for 300 days will make $450,000. So for every $16 they took in they paid out $45. But that is not all. The indirect cost was certainly half as much—the crime, pauperism, police, loss of labor, accidents—these cost that city half as much more—$225,000! That makes $675,000! But that is not all. While their laborers and poor men were drinking $450,000 worth of liquor, they were not buying pork and beef and flour and sugar and boots and shoes and clothing and furniture and building themselves homes and putting in them pictures and carpets and pianos and musical instruments and libraries. So the business of Logansport was robbed of another $225,000 easily enough. Now, if you will put these three items together—the direct cost of the liquors, the

indirect cost, and the loss of purchasing power of the citizens, you will have the sum of $900,000. That is what the saloons cost the people of Logansport every year; and they get for it $160,000 in license fees and business! Sixteen dollars into the pockets of the people, and $90 out. One dollar in, and $5.62 out! And that is the way the saloons enrich a city!

3. I indict the saloon as an anarchist. It is a violator of all law, human and Divine. God says: "Woe to him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips and maketh him drunken also!" The saloon is constantly engaged in blasphemously defying that injunction, and in inviting that curse. When did the saloon ever keep the civil law? When did it ever refuse to sell drink to the minor, to the man who is drunk, or an habitual drunkard, or on Sundays, or at unlawful hours? When? Never, unless it is watched day and night by policemen! In most cases it bribes the policeman with drink so that it may break the law. What is it doing at this hour in Chicago? Arraying all its power against the holy Sabbath, the law of God and man! It would destroy our Christian Sabbath, the very thing that has done more than anything else this side of the stars to make our country great and free. It is the Christian Sabbath and what that stands for which has made this country what it is, a land so great, so free, so attractive, that the poor oppressed and tyrant-ridden people of every land have been attracted to come here to get what they could not find in the old world. What base ingratitude, stupidity and moral suicide it is in them, as soon as they get here, to proceed to break down the very institutions which have made this country so attractive to them! Yet that is exactly what millions of them are doing; and the saloon leads them all in this suicidal anarchy.

The saloon is an anarchist when it continually prates that "prohibition don't prohibit." That statement is a

confession of its crimes, for it is equivalent to saying that: "We intend to break the law and to defy the government." And there is not one foot of land on earth where the law prohibited the liquor traffic, that that traffic has not defied the law like an anarchist, and tried to break it down. "Prohibition don't prohibit." Of course it don't prohibit. Will an ax chop? an augur bore? a knife cut? a saw saw? a sausage grinder grind sausage? an incubator incubate? But put a live agent behind those tools and there will be something doing!

Sheriff Pearson of Portland, Maine, had no trouble in enforcing the law.

Governor Folk of Missouri is having no trouble in keeping the "lid" on in St. Louis.

Mayor Evans of Minneapolis is having no trouble in keeping the "lid" on in Minneapolis.

Kansas City, Kansas, is having no trouble in making it a saloonless town. Ask the brewers and saloonkeepers of Kansas whether the law can be enforced!

There are eight states now under prohibition, and there are nearly one hundred cities where the law is enforced and the saloon ousted. The largest city in the world to outlaw the saloon is Atlanta, Georgia, a city of 160,000! The last saloon in Atlanta died at 12 o'clock midnight on the 31st day of December, 1907, and this is the first record that Atlanta gives the world as to whether a no-license law can be enforced: January 4, 1907, sixty-three criminal cases tried in court, for crimes of various sorts growing out of the drink curse. January 4, 1908, such cases reduced to seventeen! On January 4, 1907, there were thirty-two drunks in jail; on January 4, 1908, there was not one! Prohibition prohibits in Atlanta all right! One of the most remarkable testimonies as to the effectiveness of prohibition is given to William E. Curtiss by Senator Curtiss, of Kansas, and printed in the Chicago Record-

Herald for January 13 of this year. Senator Curtiss, of Kansas, who gives this testimony, was an attorney for the saloons for a long time; but when elected district attorney of the county in which Topeka is located he went to work to enforce the law as his oath of office required him to do. Hear what he says:

"I do not think that Topeka or any of the other cities in which the law has been enforced are any less prosperous or progressive than those in which the law has not been enforced. I believe that Kansas is a better state under prohibition than it would have been under high license or local option or any other system of regulations. At least it is not worse, and prohibition certainly has had a marked effect in diminishing crime and poverty.

"I cannot speak personally of any other city except Topeka, for that is my home, and there I know by personal experience that the criminal dockets of our courts were always full prior to the enforcement of the prohibition law, and the county attorney's office was kept continuously busy preparing for criminal prosecutions. The first term of court when I was county attorney there were 100 criminal indictments besides a large number of informations. But as the saloons were closed and the liquor traffic was suppressed the number of criminal cases gradually decreased until the last term of court while I was in office there was not a single indictment.

"The jails and poorhouses throughout the state are usually vacant. If the sheriff has any boarders they are in for horse stealing or for other offenses which cannot be attributed to whisky, and the only people you find in the poorhouse are helpless old men and women or cripples, who have no other means of support and are not brought there because those who should take care of them are spending their money for liquor.

"There is no poverty in Kansas; no community in the

history of the world was ever better off. Up to the recent financial flurry the deposits in our banks averaged $100 for every man, woman and child in the state, and the later returns show an average of $80 per capita in the banks."

4. I indict the saloons as satanic. The saloon has come to be the lowest, vilest, wickedest thing in this country today! It is the mightiest and most effective agency that the devil has on earth. It corrupts the voter, debases his manhood, neutralizes his citizenship, and puts him in the chain-gang of Gambrinus. It terrifies politicians, makes cowards of statesmen, fools of Christians, asses of city mayors and monkeys of candidates for office! It corrupts our city governments and robs the people. It paganizes our school system wherever it can, and plunders our homes of health, virtue, wealth and hope! It makes a mother a beast, and 2,500 of these drunken beasts wallow on their own babies in bed every year and kill them.

It quenches the last ray of hope in the hearts of its victims, and 5,000 of them commit suicide every year! It ruins the home, and is the almost universal cause of divorces. Four courts in Chicago in one day granted almost one hundred divorces. And the judges said that the saloon in almost every case was the cause of it all. According to the Chicago Tribune, nearly one thousand drunken husbands murdered their wives last year. Oh, the wreck of homes, the death of love, the murder of human happiness! It kills 40,000 husbands every year, and sends weak and defenseless widows out to toil for bread to save their children from starvation. In the old half-civilized days, when chivalry was on the throne and knighthood was in flower, the homes and mothers and children were safe; but in these more civilized but degenerate days we license for money a cormorant gang of thieves and scoundrels, and turn them loose to rob and ruin our homes and to break our mothers' hearts!

Nearly all the social impurity that poisons our national life is born in the saloons, wine rooms, beer dens, beer gardens, wine suppers and beer picnics and other drinking resorts. This is the corrupter of youth, and the ruin of our girls; and 60,000 of them are annually ensnared in these drinking dens. Brain muddled, the voice of mother and conscience drowned in beer, will paralyzed, moral resistance overthrown, passion inflamed, girlhood wrecked —the brothel—the dark river of death! and all is over! Sixty thousand annually! All laid at the door of this accursed saloon, this breeder of crime. "The highway to the house of shame, both for men and women, lies through the saloon. There is scarcely a saloon anywhere that does not have a brothel for a bride. The saloon in front, gambling den in the rear, and the scarlet woman overhead, is its trinity of perdition! Nearly every one of those horrible scandals that have filled the public press, poisoned the public mind, with their theft of virtue, is but a long story of embruted men and drugged women, from the uncorked demijohns of the leprous saloon."

The saloons of this country are the cause of starting 100,000 persons every year upon a life of crime. Thieves, robbers, burglars, murderers, the whole spawn of the criminal classes are bred and nurtured in the saloon. Wipe out the saloon and the incentive to crime would almost disappear. Drunken parents breed paupers, idiots, epileptics, and thus the saloon adds 100,000 to the list of demented and insane every passing year! We have millions of paupers and yet scarcely any one in America ever travels any other road to poverty except the one that lies through the saloon. And that turns out 200,000 every year for the community to take care of.

America digs 100,000 graves for drunkards every year, and in them we shovel 100,000 drink-murdered men, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes; looking for the resurrection at

the last day; but for no life in the world to come, for God's Word declares that no drunkard can inherit the kingdom of God."

This is awful! When the Iroquois theater burned in Chicago about four years ago 600 men, women and children were suffocated or roasted alive in one hour. The whole world shuddered. In imagination we see the little children beating their torn hands against windows and doors that were barred against them, and our sympathetic hearts almost break with the agony of it. Six hundred in one hour! But the saloons murder 600 every two days. One every five minutes! Twelve every hour! Three hundred every day! One hundred thousand every year! Since the Iroquois theater destroyed the lives of 600 the American saloons have murdered the bodies and damned the souls of 400,000! Yet conscience sleeps!

This is awful, but it is not all. While one undertaker is busy in burying 100,000 drink-murdered men, the saloon is busy day and night in starting recruits to take their vacant seats in the death chamber; and so we have 250,000 saloons, each starting two young men and unsuspecting boys each year to add half a million to the army of Gambrinus! The saloon is satanic! This is the work of the devil!

Form a procession of its annual victims. The 2,500 smothered babies, the 1,000 murdered wives, the 5,000 suicides, the 9,000 drunken murders, the 40,000 widows, the 60,000 ruined girls, the 100,000 who begin a life of crime, the 100,000 who are either born idiots or become insane, the 100,000 who annually fill drunkards' graves, the 200,000 annually robbed and pauperized, the 500,000 who annually start on the down grade through the saloons, draw them all up in a line—more than eleven hundred thousand annual victims, whose condition is as bad as or worse than, death! Give them just one yard of space each,

and start them west from Chicago, they will reach to the Mississippi river, across the State of Iowa and forty-seven miles beyond Omaha! An awful line of sorrow, and poverty, and crime and death, 635 miles long! A line that fills hell with glee and heaven with tears. A line that will grow longer and stronger as long as the saloons are allowed to operate. A line that can be melted and dissolved and obliterated by the votes of Christian men!

Will we do it? The glorious opportunity is upon us!

"Once to every man and nation,
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood,
For the good or evil side—
Some great Truth, God's new Messiah,
Offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand,
And the sheep upon the right;
And the choice goes by forever
'Twixt that darkness and that l'ght."

THE PROBLEM OF DRUNKENNESS

By Hon. Oliver W. Stewart, Chicago, Ill.

I am to speak to you today on the problem of drunkenness, and I make no excuse for bringing that subject to your attention. When it is remembered that we have over 200,000 saloons in this land, and if a saloon produces anything at all, it produces drunkenness; if it turns out anything at all, it turns out drunkards; one would need to offer no excuse for bringing that subject to the attention of a thinking body of people. So without wasting a single moment of your time, I propose to plunge into the very midst of what I have to say by asking, first of all, this perfectly natural and obvious question: What is it gives us drunkenness? It is perfectly plain that when you reduce that to a sort of last analysis and answer it in the very simplest of terms, that drunkenness comes from getting the man and the drink together, is not that true? Is it it not always true? If you see a man going down the street drunk you know that in that case the man and the drink were brought together. You may not be able to tell where, and you may not know how, but you do know that they came together as certainly as if you had witnessed the event transpire. Let it be said once more, that you cannot get a drunken man without first bringing the man and the drink together.

If drunkenness comes from getting the man and the drink together, then the next question becomes equally as important: What is it causes the man and the drink to get together? If I could throw some light on that subject this meeting would be well worth your while. In this connection two things must be considered. What is it causes the man to come to the drink, and what is it brings the drink to the man?

Let us consider these in their natural order by taking the man first. What is it brings the man to the drink? Before the appetite is set up, before the habit is established, the man may come to the drink from any one of dozens of reasons, which I have no time to consider today. If I mention three, or say at the most four, I will do ample justice by that side of the case.

The man may come to the drink at the start on account of heredity. That is the story of the boy with a drunken father, from whom he inherits a weakness or tendency in that direction, which makes it easy for him to follow in the footsteps of the drunken father who has gone before him.

Or the man may come to the drink at the start on account of his environment. He was raised in an atmosphere of drink. Friends, brothers, companions, all drink, so that long before he could guess the harm or evil or danger of it, he, too, has formed the habit of drink.

The young man may go astray on the business side of his life. In some new town a thousand miles from his boyhood home he hangs up his shingle or puts out a sign, and starts the battle of life for himself. Early in his career he comes in contact with a wealthy banker, or a prominent lawyer, or leading merchant, who in the course of a business transaction invites the young man to take a drink, and he, fearing a refusal may offend, and anxious to make business friends, takes the first drink. Of course, he misjudges the effect of a refusal. Were he, calmly, to tell the

big business man that he had a pledge not to drink, which he must keep, he would be urged promptly to keep faith with himself, and others. But not knowing that, the young man gets stampeded and starts the downward way.

If he escapes the business temptation, he may go down on the social side of his life. He is invited into the home of a leading family of the community, and he goes, overjoyed at the invitation which gives him social standing in the place where he struggles for success. It may be a dinner party, and his hostess puts wine before him. What is he to do? I mean, as he sees it, what is he to do? He looks up and down the table, and notes that all others drink. He fears a refusal may offend his hostess. To keep his standing he drinks. But one may urge that a little glass of wine does him no physical harm. I am not speaking of the physical harm. I am thinking of his soul, and the fine moral fiber that it takes to make a real man, and on that side of it I do not hesitate to say that even if it were proved, as it has not been, that the wine would be helpful and beneficial for him to take, yet having promised himself that he would not touch it, he cannot break that pledge without suffering harm in his moral character which will not soon be repaired.

But I am wasting your time. In this present discussion it is not so important to know what it is starts the man at the drink, as to determine what it is keeps him at it. What is it brings the old drunkard to the drink, after he knows that it spells misery, heartache and ruin for himself and family? There is but one answer to that question. It is the appetite which does that. He, who would make a study of the problem of drunkenness, must write large on that side of the account that the appetite keeps the drunkard coming to the drink.

So much for that side of it. We have been considering

what brings the man to the drink. Now let us turn to the other side. What is it brings the drink to the man?

At the beginning that is a story of selfishness and greed. And I would let it go at that, and not say another word about it, if it were not for the fact that I am so extremely anxious to be absolutely fair and just to the saloonkeeper in all that I may say today. If there were a saloonkeeper here to plead his own cause he might say: "I do not bring the drink to the man because I like to make him a drunkard. I do not bring the drink to the man because I enjoy the heartache of his wife, or the suffering and poverty of his children. But the fact is the man will be a drunkard, anyhow; he will break the heart of his wife, anyhow; he will impoverish his children, anyhow. And since it all will happen, anyhow, I may as well get the profit from it as to have anybody else get it, and so as a matter of business I bring the drink to the man."

The saloonkeeper may say that if he will, but the man, who, because he can he will, coin the heartache of women and the poverty of children into dollars for himself, has no right to whine or complain if some public speaker, standing before an audience like this, asserts that selfishness and greed must underlie that business.

Having said that much, I am forced to say one other word. I have found many good people who, in their study of this question, never get any farther than the greed of the saloonkeeper for gain. They say the saloonkeeper brings the drink to the man because there is profit in it. Then let us doctor his profit. In other words, let us arrange a condition of affairs in which the saloonkeeper can make no profit out of bringing the drink to the man. Let us have the state operate the saloon, and sell the stuff so cheaply that no private individual can make a dollar out of the business in competition with the government. And the question is asked: Would not that put the privately

owned saloon out of business? I think it would. Would that be a good thing? I am not quite so sure about that. When the privately owned saloon is put out of business by opening up a governmental saloon in the place of it, then when a man gets drunk he will be governmentally drunk, and I fail to see where the advantage would be in that.

If there is to be a saloon on the corner, doing the harm and evil that a saloon ordinarily does, I do not care whether that saloon is run by Paddy Flynn or Ole Oleson. It is not the name painted on the front of the saloon that does the harm; nor would it be any different if you painted the name of the state on the front instead of the name of the private individual as it now appears there.

I sometimes think we ought to pray the Lord to give us a great baptism of sanity in the study of this question, to the end that we might see that when a man goes into a saloon and gets drunk and then goes home to beat his wife or mistreat his children, he does it because he is drunk on whisky, not on the profit the saloonkeeper made out of selling it to him. Let it be repeated, he does not get drunk on the saloonkeeper's profit. He gets drunk on the saloonkeeper's whisky, and he would be just as drunk if the saloonkeeper gave him the whisky. And there would be no profit in that at all. He would be just as drunk if he broke into the saloon and stole the whisky, in which event there would be the saloonkeeper's loss instead of his profit, about which to trouble our minds. But the man who stole the whisky and drank it would be just as drunk as if the saloonkeeper had made a handsome profit out of it.

I have said myself that I think the saloonkeeper's greed for gain is a factor in this problem, and I expect to continue so to believe, but I can mention something else so much more important than his greed for gain, that it makes that look small by comparison.

More important even than the saloonkeeper's desire for

profit is the protection that the law of the state gives to him as he brings the drink to the man. Take away the protection of the law from the saloon, leaving it upon the same footing as the cut-throat or burglar, and the business would be come too risky to be inviting to the average man. Did you ever stop to think what the effect would be if we had the saloon exactly as we have it now, except that we had it outside the pale or protection of the law? Here the saloons are, just as numerous, but not a one of them has any more right under the law than would have a hold-up man to rob you on the street.

If such were the condition, the saloonkeeper would be in danger at every turn of the road. He would never know when a lot of old drunkards would sober up and call on him and notify him that since he had no more right to take advantage of their appetites for drink to get their money than he would to rob them, they would proceed to protect themselves from him and the business by as much force as might be necessary. If such were the condition, the saloonkeeper would look the old drunkards over and conclude that the situation was, to say the least, extremely interesting.

If not the old drunkards, the drunkards' sons might wait upon him, and one of them speaking for the rest, say: "Mr. Saloonkeeper, we are the sons of some drunkards in this community. For years you have been making a living off of them and their families, and we have just learned that you have no more right under the law to be in this business than you would have to cut the throats of our fathers who patronize you. We have come in to notify you that you are going to quit, and we will use our good right arms to put you out of business if need be." If the saloonkeeper who listened to this were outside the pale of the law, and could not call upon mayor, police, governor or militia for protection, he would look his visitors over and say: "All

right, boys; if that's the way you feel about it we will close up," and that place would be locked up that minute.

Of course, he would not quit because he had to—I know that as well as you do—he would quit only because he wanted to, which would be as effective as to have him quit any other way. The point is, that if saloonkeepers had to face the sons of the drunkards of the state, without any protection under the law, they would begin to lose interest in the business.

Even if they could keep the old drunkards quiet and their sons still, the saloonkeepers never would know when the women would break loose in the community. They could not tell a thing about that. A dozen good women get together at the home of some poor woman who has suffered at the hands of the saloon. They take food and medicine to her and her children; do what they can for her, and then one woman insists, that having done all they can for her and her home, they ought to do something about the saloon, which is the cause of this distressing condition. It is insisted by another woman that they can do nothing about the saloon; that they are only women, and that they have no votes and therefore do not count. And that is true, and it is wrong.

I am not here to make a woman suffrage speech, but I shall say this much about it and let it go at that, that if a man could not see the everlasting right of woman suffrage, based on a fair, square deal for everybody, on the ground that you, a strong man, would not withhold from another human being a right which you would fight for in a minute if anybody tried to withhold it from you, any man ought to be able to see that a woman ought to have the same right to the ballot with which to protect her home and her fireside that the saloonkeeper has to the ballot with which to protect his saloon.

"But," says another woman, "while we have no ballot,

neither has the saloonkeeper any right under the law to be there in that business, and we have two hands apiece. Let us go over and clean him up." Would not that be an interesting moment for him? Would it not be for you, if you were the one they were after? Five minutes later somebody comes rushing into that saloon and says to the proprietor: "What do you think; there are a dozen women coming down the street with brooms and mops, and they say they are going to clean you up."

He would touch only the high places in getting out of the county.

I am right about that. I am absolutely right about it. The protection the law gives the saloon is a necessary thing for the saloon to have. Take that protection away and the business would become decidedly risky and dangerous for the saloonkeeper.

Let us take one moment to see what we have gained so far in this address. I think we agree that whatever may have started the man to the drink, it's the appetite that keeps the drunkard coming to it. Whatever may have started the saloonkeeper into the business it is the protection of the law that enables him to stay there. The appetite of the drinker on the one side and the protection of the saloon by law on the other side get the man and the drink together. That gives us drunkenness.

If drunkenness comes from getting the man and the drink together, sobriety must come by keeping the man and the drink apart. That is a cure which was never known to fail. Keep the man and the drink apart and you will have the man sober. But notice this fact closely, that when you undertake to keep the man away from the drink you are doing temperance work; when you undertake to keep the drink away from the man you are doing prohibibition work. And that is the difference between those two things. I have found many bright, intelligent people one

time and another who have insisted that there is no difference between temperance and prohibition. There is the whole wide world of difference between those two things. Temperance deals with the drinker; prohibition deals with the drink. Temperance is a personal matter; prohibition is a governmental matter. Temperance has to do with the attitude of the individual toward drink habits and customs, prohibition has to do with the attitude of the government toward the drink traffic and the drink business. The whole wide world rolls out between temperance and prohibition.

True enough, the purpose is the same. That is to say, the purpose of temperance work is to give us sobriety. The purpose of prohibtion is to give us sobriety. Temperance would give us sobriety by keeping all men away from the drink. Prohibition would give us sobriety by keeping all drink away from the men. It must be plain that whenever either plan succeeds we will have a sober manhood.

"Which of those two things ought we to work at?" says one. And the moment one asks that question he betrays the fact that he has not thought this thing through to a finish yet. We ought to work by both plans. We ought to lay hold of the drinker with the left hand of temperance and pull him one way, and lay hold of the saloon with the right hand of prohibition and pull it the other way. Thus getting the two at arm's length—the drinker at the end of the left arm of temperance and the saloon at the end of the right arm of prohibition—and I guess the man would be sober.

But what is the policy generally in effect in this country? It ought to make you blush to have me speak of it. We take hold of the drinker with the left hand of temperance and wiggle and twist and squirm in an effort to get him away from the saloon. Then with the right hand of license we continue jabbing the saloon right up under his nose,

and then we wonder that the saloon keeps so close to the drinker.

License is not a means by which to keep the saloon away from the drinker. License is the consent of the government to the saloonkeeper to go after the drinker, and having paid for the privilege, he goes after him and quite generally gets him.

What ought we to do? I have answered that question already. We ought to apply temperance to the drinker, or to the young man or boy who may become a drinker, and we ought to apply prohibition to the drink. For the strongest argument that can be found for temperance on the one side, there can be found an equally strong argument for prohibition on the other side.

But that brings me counter to an objection. Some good man doubtless is making it in this audience now. It is to the effect that a prohibition agitation divides good men because, as has already been said, prohibition is a governmental question. Men see the governmental questions from the party point of view, and that means division, because the republican looks at it from one standpoint, the democrat from another, and the prohibitionist from another. So my good friend or kindly critic urges that we give up prohibition and say no more about it. But in place of it we start the greatest temperance crusade the world ever saw, and that we do not quit until the last drunkard has been saved and until every young man has had his feet turned into the right path.

Thus temperance would be established, sobriety would become the rule of our life and the liquor traffic would die. "Why," says the critic, "do you not work by this plan?" And there is just one reason why it cannot be done that way. I mean one big reason. There are a hundred little reasons, but I shall not bother to mention one of them. The one big reason covers the entire case. It is to be

found in the fact that the drunkard, as to the matter of his being, or continuing to be a drunkard, is not a free moral agent. The drunkard is not a drunkard because that is the thing he wants to be. Not one drunkard in ten thousand is such because at some time or other in his life he sat down and calmly said: "I have thought it all over and decided that I would rather be a ragged old drunkard than to be a sober, decent citizen." The drunkard is not a drunkard from judgment. The drunkard is a drunkard from appetite, and you cannot reason with an appetite.

And that is why this problem cannot be solved by appealing only to the drunkard or drinker. If it could be solved that way the preachers of this country, alone and unaided, would settle it for us in the next sixty days. The difficulty is that our appeal goes to the drunkard's heart, mind, soul and conscience, and meantime it is his appetite, which leads him out to get drunk again. Our appeal does not touch his appetite.

And now we come to the queerest thing in modern government. This state, which will note mental distress or weakness, and will at once take the victim in hand and provide for his safekeeping, and protect his own interests, and the interests of his family in his property (when such mental distress or weakness is indicated in other ways than by drink) absolutely declines to recognize the drinker or drunkard for what we know him to be, and the cause of his condition for what we know it to be.

Did you ever stop to think what would happen if men did other things as they drink? If they bought other things as they buy drink? Let us trace one case of that sort in imagination. Let us suppose that a man starts out tomorrow morning to buy overcoats as other men buy whisky. What would happen to him?

He hurries down town and buys an overcoat before breakfast. After breakfast he goes down and gets another.

In the middle of the forenoon he gets another, and just before noon another. First thing after noon he gets together with a lot of old cronies and buys them a lot of overcoats and they buy him a lot, until by the middle of the afternoon he has sixteen overcoats on his hands. Then he starts home with his bundle of overcoats. He is so heavily loaded he lands in the ditch. I have seen men in this state so heavily loaded with whisky that they landed in the ditch. This man is loaded with overcoats and into the ditch he goes. Friends and neighbors take pity on him. They help him up, take him to his home, and leave him on the doorstep with his sixteen overcoats.

His wife finds him there and when she asks him where the groceries are he answers: "You can search me. I did not get any groceries. I got overcoats." But the poor woman does not care for overcoats. She is far more interested in groceries. She insists on knowing how the hungry children are to be fed. His answer is: "I will get groceries before night. I found a man who wants to buy this little home of ours and he is ready to pay me cash on it, and when we get the money I will buy me a whole house full of overcoats. I am going down town to see him now."

And as he starts down town she comes across lots to your home because you are her husband's best friend. Perhaps you were boys together. She knows that if there is a man in the town can save him now you are the one. Bursting into your home, sobbing and weeping, she tells you the story, and entreats you to do what you can for her and her children that they may not be rendered homeless.

You start down town at once, and you find him in a clothing store, trying on his seventeenth overcoat. You know the rest of that story. It may not be forty-eight hours until you have your friend in court. He may appear there as quiet and calm as any mortal you ever saw. He says: "Yes, I bought the overcoats, sixteen of them. They

are good coats, too, and they all fit me. I never would buy a coat if it didn't fit. And now you threaten to send me to the asylum because I spend my money as I please. When other men in this county spend their money as they please no one says a word about it. Some men buy horses, some automobiles, some dogs; I buy overcoats, and I intend to keep on buying them. I propose to leave here now and to sell my home, and I'll spend the last dollar for overcoats and I dare anybody to stop me."

He starts down the aisle and the judge nods to some deputies who at once clap the handcuffs on him and he is railroaded straight through to the asylum. Is not that true? It makes all the difference in the world whether one buys overcoats or buys whisky. If a man buys overcoats all day you send him to the asylum. If he buys and drinks whisky all day you are more likely to send him to the legislature.

And if you would like to know what would happen to you if you took a very freakish sort of turn to yourself, you start out tomorrow morning to buy a bushel basketful of scissors, one pair at a time. Go down town and buy a pair of scissors. Take them home and drop them in the basket, Go down and get another pair, and keep it up all day long, and you will not get the bottom of your basket covered before you will have your neighbors talking about you. As you go along the street they will peek out from behind the curtain, and say: "See him? There he goes again. That if the fifth pair he has bought this morning. And he insists he is going to keep it up until he has the basket full of them." Next thing you know you and your basket and your scissors will all land in court. There will be a short, quick investigation, and your scissors will go back to the store and you will go right straight to the asylum. Get an attack of scissoritis if you want to see what will happen to you, and you will discover that a man can not spend

his money as he pleases. The very moment you spend your money in such a way, or act in such a manner as to betray the fact that you have ceased to be a free moral agent, just that moment the state will step in and take charge of you. And that will happen every time as to everything, except the drink. That is the one monumental exception.

To show you what I mean by that, let us suppose you have an old-time friend who is a periodical drunkard. I sometimes think that of all the drunkards on earth, a periodical drunkard most deserves sympathy. I have seen some of them make magnificent fights trying to get upon their feet and into a cleaner manhood, only to slide back into the ditch again and once more to renew the effort for better things. This friend insists that you could save him if, when the time comes for him to get drunk again, you would stay with him and when he goes into a saloon would follow him in and drag him out. This you are to do no matter what he says or does. And you agree to it. He tells you it will be two weeks before the appetite will return with overwhelming force. You agree to be on watch, determined that he shall not slip away from you, and that you will keep him sober that day.

When the day comes you undertake to do your part. When he boards a train to get away from you, you go with him. He pleads the excuse of business at some nearby city. You go along. After attending to two or three matters of business, he darts into a saloon. You are right in after him. He admits that he remembers the promise, but announces that he has decided to call the whole arrangement off. You inform him that he has not called you off. He proposes to drink, anyhow. To keep your promise, you lay hold of him and start to drag him out. You waken up

a little later in a police court, with three witnesses against you.

The first is your friend and neighbor, who testifies that he was getting a drink when you came it and reminded him of a promise, which he informed you was canceled. He says he warned you to let him alone, but that when he went to take his drink you jerked him away from the bar and finally started to drag him out, and that you probably would have pulled him out on the street, but for the policeman who came in and arrested you.

The second witness against you is the bartender. His testimony is to the effect that you started a fight in the saloon, and that after trying vainly to get you to desist he had to call in a policeman who arrested you.

The third witness against you is the policeman. It is worth going a thousand miles to hear him testify. He says: "Your Honor, I was passing a saloon." And everybody knows that is a thing a policeman seldom does. His testimony further is to the effect that he found it impossible to do anything with you; that you seemed determined to drag the other man out; so he finally had to hit you with a club, and he identifies you as the prisoner at the bar.

The upshot of the whole affair is that the judge who knows you to be a man of reputation, comments upon that fact, but is still forced to do his duty. He fines you $10 and costs, and threatens you with the county jail if there is another offense of the same sort. That is the prize package you get out of that thing.

Would you keep your neighbor sober? By no means. He would go back and get drunker than ever while they were trying you. You cannot keep your neighbor sober by that process, even at his request. It is a remarkably strange thing to which I am calling your attention. If a man buys overcoats to excess, you interfere and he goes

to the asylum. If a man buys scissors to excess, you interfere, and he goes to the asylum. If a man buys drink to excess, you interfere and you go to the asylum.

But somebody objects that this is all true, but still he can not see what is to be done about it. My answer is that the one thing to be done about it is to make the saloon an outlaw. State and national prohibition must result from the logic of this situation.

More than one of my hearers is ready to take up the fight along that line, or would be but for his doubts as to whether or not prohibition is effective. He is in a condition of uncertainty of mind because of the conflicting testimony that can be had as to the effect of prohibition in Kansas, Maine and other states. Yet it would be possible in less than a minute to determine for ourselves where the truth must be in this conflict of testimony.

Let us try it. If prohibition is a failure, as saloon men say it is, and they ought to know, it is a failure because where you have prohibition there is more drinking and more drunkenness than where you have the open saloon. If such is not the case prohibition is not a failure.

If there is more drinking and more drunkenness under prohibition it is because more drink is bought and sold, for what one man drinks is what some one has bought and what some one has sold. But that is the very point that saloon sympathizers make against prohibition. They say there is more liquor business in prohibition states than in saloon states. If that is the case, why do not the distillers and brewers turn in and help us get prohibition in the whole United States? The truth is, the one thing the liquor traffic fights is prohibition, which is the one thing which could be made effective against the saloon.

This the American people are coming to see. When once they get clear vision upon this thing, no party and no

combination can stand against the overwhelming desire of the people for the destruction of the liquor traffic. The skies are bright with promise. The signs of victory can be seen on every hand. Let us push on with renewed confidence, with faith unshaken, and with zeal unabated.

ATTITUDE OF COLORED PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH TOWARD THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT

By Rev. H. H. Proctor, D. D., Atlanta, Ga.

We negroes form one-tenth of the population of the nation, and one-third of that of the South. I have been asked to tell what our attitude is toward this great temperance wave which is sweeping the nation and flooding the Southland. Broadly speaking, let me say that the best sentiment of my race favors this movement. Roughly divided, there are two great elements within the colored race. One is that element of which very much is known. This class is not intelligent, and has formed no opinion of value upon this or any other great question of the day. It is in the child stage of its existence. But there is another element. Of this class the general public knows all too little. It is intelligent, law-abiding, home-loving, sober and industrious; it is as deeply interested in the great questions that stir our nation as is any other element in American life. This element is truly American. This class is especially interested in this movement, and regards the abolition of the saloon second only in importance to the manumission of the American slave. The best sentiment of my race favors total abstinence for the individual and prohibition for the state.

Let me state some of the reasons why my people favor this movement. One is that it promotes prosperity. We are yet a poor people, as every one can very well understand. In times of adversity the poor man suffers the most; it is therefore to the advantage of my people that prosperity prevail in the land. They have begun to think, and they believe that prohibition promotes it. Crime is expensive. There are three forms of human activity: business, charity and crime. Business is service with profit; charity is service without profit; crime is profit without service. The saloon is profit without service; it is therefore crime, and crime is a foe to prosperity. In Georgia, when the saloon was expelled the first day of this new year, the panic has been felt less than in any part of the country where the saloon exists. We were free from the sinkhole of the saloon, and the money went into the necessities of life. As a result these hard times have seen more beefsteak, more shoes, more clothes go into certain homes in Georgia than were seen even in times of prosperity, for the open door of the saloon had been shut in the face of the man too weak to pass it by.

Another reason why my people favor this movement is because it promotes reliability of labor. The black man today has a monopoly of the labor market in the South. But under the new conditions that are fast coming in that section the black man can not hold this monopoly unless he meets the situation that will soon be upon him. The South must compete with the nation; it can not do it unless there prevails a higher grade of efficiency among its laborers. Unless the black man increases in efficiency other laborers should be brought to take his place. One condition of increasing his efficiency is to keep him sober, and to do this the saloon must be moved from his pathway. The man who knocks off early on Saturday and spends Saturday night in a drunken carouse and Sunday in a drunken stupor is not prepared to render efficient

service on Monday. The sober laborer who goes home on Saturday night and spends his earnings with his family and goes to church on the Sabbath is ready and alert and strong for a whole week's work on Monday. Under the old regime the black man's arm has cleared the fields of the South, spanned its streams with bridges, macadamized its roads, made its fields to laugh into a harvest; he has done this half sober. Under the new, with a clear brain, a steady arm and a determined purpose, he will cause the Southland to blossom as a rose and help develop those resources which have yet but been barely touched. The South is the unexplored repository of the raw material of the land, and with an intelligent, reliable labor element will yield the nation untold wealth.

They favor prohibition for still another reason, and that is it promotes law and order. The black is not a criminal race. In fact, when it comes to great crime the black man has the cleanest record of any race in history. I speak to men who know history; you cannot point out in all history one great black criminal. The Jew gave the world its Judas Iscariot, the Roman its Nero, the Saxon its Benedict Arnold; but I defy you to point out one great black criminal. It turns out that with respect to great crime the blackest hand in nature is the whitest in history. But where my race falls is in petit criminality. It is drunkenness that is the chief cause of this petit criminality. In Atlanta, the chief city in Georgia, prohibition cut this petit criminality in twain. It has done it all over Georgia, and it will do it all over the South. That is why I stood before the temperance committee of the Georgia legislature and pleaded that the white men who have taken to themselves the ballot would rise up and remove this curse from the weaker element of my people. As this is being done not only is petit criminality being removed, but the womanhood of the South is made safer. The best sentiment of my race believes in the protection of

womanhood. If any man, black or white, lay unholy hands on a woman, white or black, let him die the death, but at the hands of the law and not a mob.

Still another reason why my people favor prohibition is that it promotes peace between the races. The people of the South are tired of race friction. We need peace. It is hard enough to keep a white man and a black in peace when they are sober, but if they are drunk it is out of the question. Whisky was the inflammatory cause of the Atlanta riot, and it was only when the whisky was removed that sober heads were able to bring peace out of confusion. The presence of so many negroes around the dives where whisky was the chief attraction led the whites mistakenly to believe, in view of the commission of a series of unspeakable crimes, that negroes were turning to crime. It was from the open saloon that the mob rushed to wreak vengeance upon the blacks, without regard to guilt or innocence. When the riot broke out the mayor, a whisky man, touched his pen and closed up every saloon in the city for nine days. When it was thought safe to reopen saloons one-third of the original number were closed permanently and the one hundred remaining were corralled in the heart of the city. Also, a law was enacted preventing whites and blacks drinking in the same saloon, lest an outbreak occur. When Christmas came the mayor again arbitrarily closed every saloon in the city, and for the first time Atlanta had a sober Sabbath-like Christmas. No wonder that when the Georgia legislature met the best sentiment of the State, white and black, argued thus: If it is a good thing to close all the saloons a part of the time and a part of the saloons all the time, is it not a better thing to close all the saloons all the time? To this appeal the Georgia legislature nobly responded, and by an overwhelming majority put Georgia at the head of the sisterhood of Southern States by expelling the saloon from its borders. The fire thus kindled is to burn until we

shall have a solid dry South. King Alcohol is to be dethroned in the realm of King Cotton.

But we feel that this movement must be more than negative. It is good, indeed, to close a door of darkness. This is good as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. As a door of darkness is shut a door of light must be opened. But, sad to say, when the black man turns to the door of light, too often he finds a color line drawn across it. To meet this difficulty a vision has been given to me. It is this: Substitute the open church for the open saloon. The present victory in the temperance movement is due to the long, hard, patient work of the church, and my people, fortunately, are wedded to their church. But the life of this church is narrow and unattractive. Enlarge it so as to appeal to body and mind as well as soul—even as the Founder of the church originally intended—and you have in its enrichment the perfect substitute for the saloon.

As a constructive prohibitionist I am actively engaged in leading my people to plant at the heart of the Southland a church that will differ from the ordinary church in three particulars: (1) It will be open to all the people instead of a part of the people. (2) It will be open all the time instead of a part of the time. (3) It will be open for the betterment of the whole man instead of a part of the man. Specifically, it will meet the needs of the forty thousand colored people in the city of Atlanta and ideally furnish a model for the colored race all over the land. In addition to the ordinary facilities of a church it will have these features: A library that intelligence may be diffused, a Bible school that the fundamentals of a true life may be grasped, a gymnasium that innocent amusement may be made a vehicle for the higher life, a bath that cleanliness may be inculcated, a model kitchen that unskilled girls may be taught to raise cooking to the dignity of a fine art, a sewing room that the poor children may be clothed so as to come to church, a kindergarten that the children

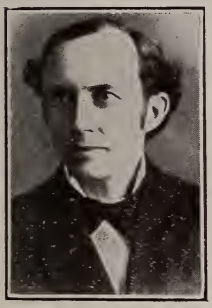
may be reached, a parlor where hard-worked women may rest under the influence of wholesome surroundings.

I am happy to say that this vision is becoming a fact, and that in the work of its realization we are being generously assisted by people of the North and the South. Significantly it is raising in the heart of the city of Atlanta, where ran that mob on that fateful Saturday night, staining, indeed, the streets of the city with innocent blood, and yet unconsciously knocking the bung out of every whisky barrel in Georgia and the South. In the rise of this model church building I see the rainbow of hope spanning the shoulder of the dying storm of racial hate. With the fall of the open saloon and the rise of the open church there will be no war of the races in the South. With the passing of the darkness and the coming of the light there will be peace between the two peoples, diverse in color yet, after all, one at heart.

THE SALOON AND THE ETHICAL REVIVAL

By Dr. Clinton N. Howard, Rochester, N. Y.

The childhood of the twentieth century is face to face with an ethical revival, and it reaches around the world. A whole hour could be spent under a foreign flag. If you ask where, and I should call the roll of the nations, England would answer, "Here"! France would answer, "Here"! Russia would answer, "Here"! Spain would answer, "Here"! Japan, Turkey, yea, and even heathen China would answer, "Here"! The imperial edict abolishing the opium dens of the Flowery Kingdom is the most conspicuous example of the world-wide ethical awakening to be found beyond the sea. But we need not go abroad today to find the ethical revival; we are in the midst of a moral and ethical awakening in Christian America that overmatches that to be found in the nations of Europe and Asia.



The modern methods of doing business are being revised and made to conform to the same ethical standard that we apply to private conduct, and the same moral code that holds good between man and man.

Journalism is feeling its touch, as indicated by the abundant example of larger independence on the part of the press, the higher moral conception as shown by the more

frequent and lofty treatment of ethical questions, and the growing tendency to eliminate objectionable advertising.

In education—by a growing recognition that moral philosophy is as important to the making of an efficient citizen as geography and mathematics; in medicine—with a growing concern about the effect upon the moral as well as the physical character of patients, in relegating to the rear remedies that leave worse effects than those they cure; an ethical revival in social life, by a more general recognition of the single standard of conduct for both sexes, establishing one standard of purity, the white life for two, culminating at no distant day in a national law governing marriage and divorce, of which we now have some forty-six varieties; an ethical revival in politics, a new moral standard as a necessary qualification for public office, an account rendered to God and to the people, instead of the boss, so evident that the word need only be spoken. All along the political horizon the outlook is brightening; larger independence, more exalted ideas of citizenship, higher quality of men in public office. Yesterday it was the exception; today is has become the rule. An ethical revival in business, journalism, education, medicine, social life and in politics.

But none of these, nor all of them put together, approach the ethical awakening in China, which has culminated in the prohibition of the opium traffic. The answer to this might be, that we do not have in this enlightened Christian country any institution that corresponds in baseness of character to the opium dens of heathen China. There is no reason why an intelligent Chinaman, familiar by long residence, with both countries, should not be a competent witness. At an important gathering held in New York City, the editor of the San Francisco Chinese paper, made an eloquent address, in which he protested against what he called our unjust and un-American emigration laws that excluded his countrymen from rights and priv-

ileges which all others enjoyed. He said: "You have singled out my people from all human creation, as unworthy of your American hospitality; you let in the Italian, you let in the Hun, the Turk, the Jew and the Russian; you let in the underworld of Europe and Asia—the idle, the ignorant and criminal, and you shut out the peaceable and industrious Chinese. Because, you say, we are heathen and smoke opium. You say the truth; we are heathen, and we do smoke opium; but you are Christian and you drink whisky." And he said: "If I were woman I rather my husband smoke opium every time than drink your Christian whisky. Opium puts him asleep; opium makes him harmless like corpse; whisky makes him wild beast; whisky wakes up devil and makes him brute. 'Merican man come home full whisky—kicks wife; Chinaman comes home full opium—wife kick him. You be Christian and we be heathen!" And he said: "With my knowledge of your American saloon, if I were to return to my country, and the issue were a choice between the opium den of my heathen China and the saloon of your Christian America, I would choose for my people opium rather than whisky."

The foreign gentleman makes a very intelligent discrimination in favor of his own national sin, because the penalty for that sin is confined more wholly to the man who commits it; while with drink the penalty falls with more crushing weight upon the innocent—the family, the wife, and the little ones—who must share the consequences with the drinker, from the mother to the infant on her breast; yea, to the child unborn, whose body and character must carry upon them the curse of their drunken father. It foredooms childhood to damnation at the hour of its drunken conception.

The heathen gentleman is right when he damns the saloon; but he is mistaken when he speaks of the saloon as a Christian institution, in any other sense than because it has been tolerated by organized Christianity, and is to

be found only in Christian countries. As an institution it is as un-Christian as anything to be found in the Chinese kingdom; more—it is a thousand times worse than any heathen abomination that ever cursed this earth. For a generation we have been sending missionaries to the benighted heathen, to turn them from the worship of idols to the only true God and licensing in our own land, within two hundred feet of our temples of worship to that same God, an institution that is worse than the one from which we seek to save them. Idol worship, at is worst, never cursed a man or a home as the saloon at its best. Any wife could be a hundred times better off with a sober heathen for a husband, and little children a thousand times better off with a sober heathen for a papa, than to have a civilized drunkard for either husband or father. There is not a misfortune in all the world that I would not prefer for my three sons than to live the life and die the death of a drunkard, or for my three daughters than to marry a drunkard for a husband. I would rather have my boys bow down to Baal than to bow down to a bottle. It is not Christian. The word of God that shuts the door of the Kingdom against the drunkard, condemns the whole drunkard-making institution, Sunday and week-day. It pronounces a woe upon those who are mighty to drink wine; a woe upon the men of strength who mix it; a woe upon the man who puts it to the lips of his neighbor; a woe upon the civilization that justifies for reward the wicked who sell it, and proclaims the doom of a people who build a town with blood and establisheth a city by iniquity.

Moreover, our Lord was manifested to destroy the works of the devil; He taught that a tree was known by its fruit; and He has given us ears to hear, and eyes to see, and a nose to smell, and brains to think and a heart to feel; and the man with these five senses who fails to identify the authorship and ownership of a tree that produces such

fruit as the American saloon, would miss the hole in the tunnel if he pulled the throttle of the train.

The fruit of the saloon is diabolic to the individual; demoniacal to society, devilocratic to the State.

"Distilled damnation," said Sir Robert Hall—and he was right; "The devil in solution," said Sir Wilfred Lawson—and he was right; "Poisoners general," said John Wesley—and he was right; "Artist in human slaughter," said Lord Chesterfield—and he was right; "Worse than all the crime on earth," said Lord Bacon—and he was right; "More destructive than war, pestilence and famine," said William E. Gladstone—and he was right; "A cancer in human society," said Abraham Lincoln—and he was right; "The most criminal method of assassination for money ever adopted by the bravos of any age or nation," said John Ruskin—and he was right.

And Dr. Henry Ostrum correctly labeled the saloon when he called it "A hell perpetuator, a hell propagator, and a hell populator"—and he was right!

That is not very fragrant, but you cannot expect the perfume of roses when a polecat is on the dissecting table. If the brimstone in the saloon offends your refined noses, God pity the wife of the drunkard; God pity his children; God pity the unborn!

The conclusion is, that we do have in this Christian country an institution that corresponds—that exceeds in baseness of character—the curse of China; and if heathen China, in defense of her childhood and nation, can abolish the opium dens of Hong-Kong and Canton, Christian America ought to abolish the worst saloon, or call home our Christian missionaries, and send for a few Confucians to come over and civilize us.

And it is right here that our ethical revival approaches in magnitude that of the heathen kingdom, for Christian America is doing the thing that she ought to do. The

thing that ought to happen is once more coming to pass—the saloon is going.

The American people are growing tired of this record of anarchy, assassination, taxation and rum. Let us not take too seriously the promises of this confirmed criminal to reform; let the death sentence be suspended and it will forget all about the promises to be good, made in the shadow of the gallows.

It never has obeyed the law and it never will. The first organized rebellion against the laws and authority of the nation was made by the anarchist saloon, in the whisky insurrection, which cost the Washington administration an army of 15,000 men, and the largest single expenditure of the infant government to suppress. This nation was not yet twenty years old when the liquor traffic rose in rebellion against the law; and it has been in rebellion ever since. It never has obeyed the law and it never will. We make a tariff law and the importer obeys it; a currency law and the banker obeys it; a pure food law and the grocer obeys it; a highway law and the driver obeys it; a game law and the sportsmen obey it; a health law, and the expectorator obeys it—but we make an excise law, a law to regulate the saloon, and this devil of drink hangs out its red rag of anarchy, spreads its fingers in the face of the authorities—hires a spotter to sneak in the initiated, hangs up an electric buzzer to make a fool of the policeman, and says to the people: shut the front door—and I'll open the side door; shut the side door—and I'll open the back door; shut the back door—and I'll open a cellar door; seal me up like a tomb—and I'll open an annex with a subway to the bar; clean up a ward—and I'll open a pipe line from the brewery to the cellar; cast me out of your county—and I'll make a blind tiger out of the express office and put on a John Doe jug train; make the state dry—and I'll sneak over the line with a coffin for a cask! You can't tame me; you can't muzzle me; you can't civilize me; I will desecrate

your Sabbath; I will debauch your citizens; I will outrage your sons and daughters; I will wreck your homes; I will sell your drunkards and children; I will override your laws!" Yes, you old demon, you always have, but you are reaching the end of your rope; the worm is turning; the people who have been crawling and craw-fishing at the crack of this slave-driver's whip, are rousing themselves to throw off this yoke, and the hand that wrote the sentence of death on the wall at the feast of the drunken King Belshazzer, is writing—writing—writing—the doom of the American saloon on the wall of this Christian republic.

Never since the flood has water reached as high tide, or engulfed so great wickedness as in this year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and eight. The ark of prohibition has begun to touch the high places of the earth. The star that a few years ago was seen only in the east has become a constellation of towns and cities, counties and states, and shines today upon thirty-five millions of people under the American flag; the stone that the builders rejected has become the head of the corner, is falling upon the American saloon and grinding it into powder. "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior; for He that is mighty hath done great things, and holy is His name!"

For a generation we have cried, O Lord, how long? O Lord God, to whom vengeance belongeth, how long shall the wicked triumph? how long shall they utter and speak hard things and all the workers of iniquity boast themselves? How long shall they break in pieces Thy people and afflict Thine heritage? How long shall they slay the widow and the stranger, and murder the fatherless? How long shall they gather themselves together against the soul of the righteous and condemn innocent blood? How long shall they boast themselves and say, The Lord shall not see, neither shall the God of Jacob regard it?

And at last the answer comes—like the voice out of the

midst of the burning bush on the back side of the desert: "I have seen the affliction of my people; I have heard their cry, and I am come down to save them." And, forthwith, the storm breaks against the saloon, like a hurricane upon the deck of a pirate ship. The chariot of the Lord, and the horsemen thereof is riding down the devil's saloon. Jesus Christ is walking across the American continent—every place his holy foot is lifted leaves a dry spot! It has but one meaning—the saloon must go; the liquor traffic must and shall be destroyed.

Never before in the history of the fight were all things working together for good, for the glory of God and the salvation of humanity from the curse of drink, as they are working now. Now is our salvation from the curse nearer than when we first believed. "Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe; come, tread ye for the wine-press is full, the fats overflow, for their iniquity is great; multitudes in the valley of decision—in the valley of decision—for the day of Jehovah is near!" Verily, verily, I say unto you this generation shall not pass away until all these things be fulfilled. For there be some standing in our midst today who shall in no wise taste of death until they see the kingdom of prohibition come with power in the United States This is the meaning of the ethical revival.

REASONS FOR THE SOUTH'S ATTITUDE ON TEMPERANCE

By Eugene M. Webb, Knoxville, Tenn.

I have come from the sweltering heat of the Southland into the balmy and refreshing breezes of the lake region, to mingle for a season with strangers, to revel in the boyish delight of a freedom seldom hoped for and more seldom enjoyed; to gather and take back with me a bit of zeal for the daily duties of life. I can not express my appreciation of your welcome, and much the less can I render due thanks for the privilege and opportunity of addressing so great an assembly gathered here for so great a purpose. I find here full demonstration of the fact that brotherly love unites all true American hearts whatever the clime and whence they come into Christian fellowship and patriotic communion. We are here today in obedience to our country's call. Some to speak; others to hear; and all to renew our courage and enthusiasm for the warfare we are waging in behalf of the American home against its arch enemy—the American saloon. We are here to contemplate its outrages against humanity, to take council together, then to return to the various scenes of activity with a renewed patriotic zeal, to the end that we may win other and greater victories and save more boys.

Yonder in the shades of a Southern city, dodging away

from the blistering heat of the midsummer's sun, skipping to and fro beneath the boughs of the benignant elms, two bright-eyed children play, whose burdens for a season and whose destiny in the future years God, the Almighty, has placed in my hands. In their behalf, fighting their cause, and that of others who play in their sweet innocence while waiting the day of their initiation into the conflicts and temptation of a sterner world, I come to speak. Cognizant of the seriousness of my position as a father, burdened with my responsibility as a citizen, I have gone up the valleys and over the hills of eastern Tennessee pleading with my fellowmen to do a nobler part by the coming generations. We owe it to the children to thrust the arm of our power into the future and remove from the pathway of their career every obstacle that would thwart God's purposes in their lives and wreck the possibilities for their usefulness and happiness. At the threshold of the future I see no greater or more dangerous enemy than the open saloon.

I stood a few years ago in the supreme court room of my home city and heard the justice pronounce a decree of fifteen years upon an innocent-looking lad of 17, convicted of murder. I saw the strong-armed marshal lead that boy from the court room and place around his wrists the cold, icy iron of the law. I saw the officer break loose the last loving embrace of the gray-haired father, and saw the old man reel and stagger against the wall as he bathed his withered face in the briny tears of a broken heart, and writhing in pain he wended his way from the temple of justice toward the open grave that waited outside—all because the state whose virtue he had fought to maintain, for the sum of 3 cents revenue, had sold, through its licensed agent, a saloonkeeper, that boy a bottle of whisky, robbed him of reason and made him over into a maniac and a murderer. It was there that I planted in the vault

of heaven a vow to smite that business, hip and thigh, wherever opportunity afforded, to take up the cause of my fellowmen against its cruel injustices. I am here today in obedience to that vow, and may the God, whom I love, aid me to do good.

You doubtless wonder, as others do, why the South has taken its stand against the liquor traffic, and you ask the reasons for its attitude. Some people think this a radical move in the South, and declare it a sort of hysteria, or fanaticism. Others think it a gorgeous parade, headed by the women, with the men joining the ranks to receive the smiles and tender caresses of the fair warrior captains at the winning of a victory. Others still who think the South has found something new to startle the nation with. But while there are various opinions, all ask the question why this land of tolerance, this land of personal liberty, priding itself in the freedom of its citizenship, this land of apparent indifference to so many of the sterner conflicts of development that make material resources count in the commercial world, why should it, after sleeping through the many years, suddenly arouse itself from its lethargy, break up its camps of ease and start the march of conquest against its long caressed indulgences? Why should it, Brutus-like, thrust a dagger into the very heart of its ruling influence and send its victim to the ground writhing in the pool of its own blood and dying at the feet of a parent victor? Why this spectacular conflict with the liquor dealer, the dive-keeper, and the ward politician?

It is a well-known fact that the Southern gentleman, the negro, and the political leader in ante-bellum days and since bowed side by side in humble reverence and worshiped the god of appetite, whose offsprings of vice, infamy and crime have been the common associates of the Southern saloon for generations preceding this day of reform, and that, Southern hospitality, without wine, to many

would have been as a wedding without ceremony, as a dance without music, and as a home without a family. Thousands of the noblest of our men have sacrificed upon the altars of Bacchus the wealth, ambition, places of preferment, natural gifts and personal attainments.

Notwithstanding these facts you will find that the fight against the saloon evils is not a sudden movement in the South. It is as old as Anglo-Saxon liberty. It was born when our English fathers wrought from King John at Runnymede the English charter. It has been fought for upon every battlefield, and has been followed through the generations by the strong faith of our fathers that never wavered along the stormy road to American liberty. Back yonder, when our fathers were building in bloodshed and tears our institutions of peace and freedom, battling against the tyrannies of an insane king, they fought and fondly dreamed that they were dying to perpetuate a liberty that knew justice, a civilization that knew virtue, a government that knew mercy, a manhood that knew thrift, and a courage that would dare pit itself against oppression, whatever its form and wherever born. And we, their descendants, taught to cherish their spirit of self-sacrifice and valor, have been led to believe that patriotism required us to rise against the Southern saloon because of its atrocious injustice to the poor and the weak; because of the bloodshed and crime it has occasioned; because of the political oppression it has caused us to bear; because of its open and arrogant disregard of the law; because of its corrupting influence over men; because of the deadening blight it has fastened upon our agricultural and industrial enterprises; because of the idleness it fosters; because of the racial strife it has engendered; because of the wealth it consumes; because of the multitude of homes it has wrecked; because of the paupers it has made in our midst;

because of the hope it has crushed and the ignorance it has bred.

The strife has come on with more rapid pace in the South only because the wickedness of the saloon has been supreme there, and occasion has given rise to keener conflicts because of racial differences.

When the war was over and the ragged soldiers turned from scenes of carnage on bloody battlefields towards the homes they had left, looking right and left, front and rear, they beheld on every hand sorrowful reminders of the havoc wrought by war, the barren fields, and deserted chimneys blackened by fire smote their hearts with chilling despair. Overwhelmed with poverty as the common lot they staggered for a moment under the burden, then turned toward the unpromising future. In the fullness of the misery the Southern saloon began its hellish work by preying upon the weaknesses of the Southern negro, hitherto the burden-bearer of the South, the slave of toil, but now a free man; and, rejoicing in the glory of his long-sought freedom and armed with the power of manhood suffrage, he was pursuaded away from the farms into the villages and towns to rejoice in the paradise of his privileged idleness, to become the plastic subject in the hands of the political ward boss, by which the saloon sought to gain control of all power dependent upon the ballot box.

Justice to the agricultural interests demanded heroic action on the part of the farmer against the treatment of the saloon towards him. From that time on a conflict has waged between these interests. Fierce has been the fight upon many a battlefield, and often have the faithful sons of toil cried: "Watchman, what of the night?" At the breaking of the day victory perched upon the banners of the faithful, who still remembered the struggles of the fathers for the freedom of American manhood. But through it all the Southern saloon has been sitting, hovering over idle-

ness and vicious propensities, akin to anarchy, and hatching out its recruits from the criminal classes, such as ate at the very heart of our institutions, strove against the security of our homes, retarded our prosperity, polluted the purity of our jury system, and overthrew the sacredness of the ballot box.

Through the saloon influence at elections and in the legislative assemblies of the South political conditions became unbearable. From the municipal council up, it sought to control every legislative body. It sought to dictate laws to suit its damnable purposes. It turned faithful public servants out of office and seated, by insurrectionary methods, the foulest and most corrupt men in places of power. It tampered with the election laws of nearly every Southern state. It sought to vest in its coterie the power and authority to bring up returns as it chose. It brought upon us periods of election stealing such as honest men never dreamed of. It commonly resorted to bribery, prostitution and intimidation as its means of gaining political power. It sought to debauch our manhood suffrage in every conceivable way. Its shameless course of evil it pursued until despondency almost crushed the hope of liberty. Reform it derided. Decent men it put to shame. It drove into exile all who dared challenge its oppressive methods. And when confronted with its deeds of infamy the authors defiantly asked: "What are you going to do about it?" For the right of law enforcement it withheld and, wherever possible, it fastened its gory clutches upon the throat of prosecution and besmirched the robes of the judiciary.

Under these conditions it may well be imagined how shockingly monstrous the saloon influence was upon the morals of the country; for no political evil can become great until it has woven itself into the web and woof of ethical conscience and seared the soul to an insensibility of its depredations. And with what delight it trampled

upon and spoiled virtue and purity. It invaded the family circle and broke asunder the dearest ties that heaven ever welded. It delighted in robbing wife of husband and children of father. It thrust its slimy hand into the pantry shelf and took away the crust from the little hungry ones. The wail of the children touched not its frozen heart. Mercy's voice it drowned in the din of its carousal. It stalked abroad over the land and incited men to deeds of infamy and crime. It glutted the prison houses. It crowded the asylums. It filled the potter's field with pauper graves. It soaked the southern sands with more human blood than ever flowed on a southern battlefield. In every village it left its pitiable specimens of dethroned human reason, and of defaced and deformed manhood, cursed by its blighting power. Its religion was greed. Its love was lust. It knew no pity. Its patriotism was rule and ruin.

It has ever been with nations and with men that sinful indulgences have their boundaries, transgression beyond which brings on destruction. In the early hours of man's history we discover the marks of man's weaknesses invariably followed by the penalties of law. God Himself dealt with transgressors. Adam sinned and was driven from Eden. Cain was branded for the murder of his brother. In the divine order the sequence of sin is death. Calamity is the legal penalty for the business that is founded upon injustice to humanity. The day of doom does not tarry till eternity. So in the South the havoc wrought to the saloon business is in accord with thte heavenly proclamation, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." The saloon has sinned away its right of existence there. The day of judgment has come. In nearly every Southern state battles fierce as war are being waged on the liquor traffic. At every point there is conflict. In every election this question is being fought out, for the hold of the Southern saloon

is fastened deep upon public affairs. Its influence is deep-rooted in every political organization. Its corrupting power has been of such long duration that it is broken only by the strongest opposition united for that single purpose. Success is wrought through bitterest conflict. But wherever the shout of triumph has been raised there has been forever established an unanswerable argument for the extension of the battle lines. The results in every village, town, and city that has gone dry have marked a phenomenal achievement for home, for religion, and for schools, as well as for the elevation of the morals of all classes. North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, led the way, but Kentucky, Tennessee, South Carolina, Florida, Louisiana and Texas are not far behind.

In Tennessee we have won victories in all but four of her ninety-six counties, and the next general assembly will put the saloons out of these and enact state-wide prohibition. The saloon record in that state has been such as to arouse her best men to action. Not under the frenzy of irate passion, but in the cool deliberation of their better judgment they have pursued the fight for the best interest of business, for home and for the good of all the people. The salutary results of abolishing saloons are our best arguments for our action.

We began with the original "four-mile law" in 1877 prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors within four miles of an incorporated institution of learning. Years afterwards this law was changed so as to apply to all schools, except in incorporated cities and towns. This, then, was amended to apply to all towns thereafter incorporated, having a population of two thousand or under, and was finally extended to the whole state. At the beginning of these enactments we had saloons in every county of the state, and schools in only twenty-nine counties. We had then a population of 930,000, with 139,000 children of school age who

could neither read nor write. We had 3,070 white schools, running seventy-one days of the year, with an average daily attendance of only 125,000. We had 3,396 teachers and 3,000 school houses worth $1,000,000. But today, after having run the saloons out of all but four counties, we have run schools into all the counties and into every civil district of Tennessee. Today we have 6,000 white schools, with an average daily attendance of 380,000, employing 8,000 teachers, 120 days in the year, with 7,000 school houses worth $6,000,000. Not a single school has been closed a single day because saloons went out. The fact is we have fought the saloons of Tennessee with the free schools, and as the former have depreciated the latter have thrived, and thousands of poor boys out on the mountain sides and in the valleys of Tennessee, who were heretofore tortured by the strangling grip of liquor upon drunken fathers, are now afforded the long-sought opportunity of relieving their destitute condition and of seeing the lamp of civilization beam radiantly upon their benighted hopes. How can there be any question of more vital importance to a state than the enlightenment of its citizenship. Free government is based upon the intelligence of its men. And instead of allowing influences to keep them in poverty and ignorance, it behooves the state to champion the cause of liberty, and to abolish Satan's factories of crime and free the manhood by a knowledge of the truth.

Tennessee has 1,350 convicts in her penitentiary and 851 of these were sent from the counties where liquor was sold.

Tennessee pays in criminal costs to the wet counties at the rate of 12.9 cents per capita, while to her dry counties she pays only 5.8 cents per capita.

Shelby county, the "wettest" in the state, pays criminal costs and workhouse expenses at the rate of 77.2 cents per capita, and has furnished through her courts 6,000 divorces in the last ten years.

Greene county is dry and with a population of 30,596 she pays in criminal costs only the sum of $549.23 per annum, while Campbell county, with her saloons, having a population of only 17,317 pays $3,863.56 criminal costs per annum.

In four months, under prohibition in Knoxville, a city of 65,000 people, the murder record was reduced by 75 per cent., and all felonies decreased 32 per cent. At the July term, 1907, with saloons, there were 130 indictments for felonies found by the grand jury of Knox county, and eight of these were for murder; while at the March term, 1908, after saloons went out, there were only seventy-six indictments for felonies, and only two of these for murder. At the July term, 1907, there were eighty-five indictments for larceny, while at the March term, 1908, there were only forty-one such indictments. At the former term there were seventeen indictments for felonious assault, while at the latter there were only seven such indictments. In 1907 the city council of Knoxville had only $63,000 to appropriate for school, while in 1908 there was appropriated $106,000 for schools.

What stronger reasons could the South have for its attitude when the figures speak with such powerful weight? If the South loves her manhood; if she seeks to promote peace on earth and good will toward men, why should she not come out for the right and do the noblest part by her citizenship?

The issue in the warfare the South is waging is the welfare of society, the preservation of its manhood, the prosperity of its commerce, the solution of its race problem, the release of the southern negro from his second and worst bondage, and the establishment of his rights of citizenship under the constitution and under a standard of morality and intelligence worthy the name, it is the breaking of a stagnation that has bred infinite crime, the preservation of wealth, the promotion of learning, it is joy in

the stead of sorrow, it is law against license, order against chaos, virtue against vice, manhood against meanness, plenty against want, life against death, and God against mammon.

The revolution has come. The tide has turned. Penance offered by promise to obey law has come too late. The crucial test is whether righteousness shall prevail, whether government shall stand against crime, whether mercy's voice coming from the homes of the oppressed shall once more appeal to the consciences of men. These are the questions. And the Southern saloon is reeling before the iron fact that its day of doom has come.

And now we are ushering in the New South. Old things have passed away, and the glory of the present achievements redeems our land and obliterates the stigma of its rebellion. The South is setting the pattern of patriotic devotion to which the nation will measure up, and by and by when we shall have risen to the full dignity of a purified manhood, when we shall have driven out the saloon evils from our borders, God will call a concourse of the angels and from them select the best writer to pen in letters of gold upon the new white page, "The South Redeemed."

CANADA'S FIGHT AGAINST THE LIQUOR EVIL

By Controller F. S. Spence, Toronto, Ont.

The story of the fight against the liquor power is the same in Canada as it is in the United States, and as it is throughout all Christendom. It is a story of stern effort and steady progress, to which there can be only one result. The temperance cause is winning; the temperance cause will win. Lack of confidence in this certainty is the result of a failure to understand the nature of the movement. That movement is not a mere human invention or fad, created by some novelty-seeking cranks. It is the inevitable result of great universal conditions and forces. Wherever you find an evil of any kind, something that curses and hurts humanity, and into contact with that evil you bring men and women of Christian character, unselfish thought, and earnest purpose, there you have the elements of a moral reform. That reform will spring from those conditions, and will inevitably and irresistibly go on, until either the moral purpose dies out, or the evil is overthrown.

That was the origin of this great reform—the awful curse of intemperance and the God-given desire to be rid of it. Therefore if you could wipe the whole movement out of existence, all its literature, its agencies, its methods

and forms, but leave the curse and the God-inspired purpose, you would have the whole history over again. Progressing through all the stages it has passed that movement would come to exactly the position in which it stands today, and would go on to the future victory that lies ahead, and we trust not very far away.

Just as surely as tomorrow will follow today, so surely will the suppression of the liquor traffic follow the unholy system of encouraging, of protecting and licensing that traffic, by so-called—and shamefully miscalled—Christian legislation.

The progress of this great reform has been almost unparalleled in the world's history. Even the supreme reform of Christianity did not make, in the same period of time, as much advance as the temperance cause has made. Think of the fact that one hundred years ago today there did not exist a temperance society, as we understand the term. Uncensured and uncriticised, the liquor traffic was dominant everywhere. Drunkenness was so common as to call forth little comment, and to involve practically no disgrace. Incredible vice and degradation prevailed. The idea of legislating to remedy the curse had no advocates. Look at our position now. Every church inculcates temperance. Every corner of Christendom has its temperance society. Inebriety is a disgrace, and is looked upon as a disqualification in any applicant for employment, or any candidate for public position or favor. The statute books of every civilized nation are filled with laws for the regulation of the traffic, and for the restraint and punishment of the vice. Today there are, living under prohibitory laws, more people than were in the whole British Empire when the temperance movement was inaugurated.

No one claims that this progress has been unvarying or unmarked by defects and weaknesses. Although it is God's cause and therefore certain to triumph, it is pro-

moted and carried on by human instrumentalities; therefore mistakes will certainly occur, but these are not always disasters. Men learn by blundering. Up the ladder of failure they climb to the platform of success. To a certain extent, we are wise today because of our ignorance of yesterday. We were guilty of folly which brought its own penalties, from which we gathered knowledge. This is the experience of every man, every movement, every community. Every institution and appliance of our modern civilization has come from some experiment that resulted in failure, out of which grew knowledge, that led to success.

The temperance movement is no exception. Earnest men who never dreamed of total abstinence, deplored the evils of drunkenness, and set out to remedy them by advocating a moderate use of intoxicating liquors. To their minds, drunkenness was the evil with which they had to deal. It did not cross their minds that there was anything wrong in drinking. More is known today of the nature and effects of alcoholic liquors. We have learned that lives may be shortened, health impaired, money wasted, moral character lowered, by the drinking of men who are never seen drunk.

The early temperance reformers started out to remedy the evil of drunkenness by promoting what they considered to be wise kinds of drinking. Sometimes they tried pledges against anything but moderate indulgence in intoxicants. Sometimes they tried abstinence from ardent spirits and encouragement of lighter beverages. They failed, but in their efforts they learned that drunkenness grew out of liquor drinking, and that if lager beer and light wines were tolerated, the worst forms of drink would be sold under false names.

Driven by the logic of the facts that they could not ignore, they boldly struck all permissions out of their

pledges, and came up to the position of total abstinence, in which all consistent, well-informed temperance men stand today.

When this point was reached, they thought that they had solved the problem, but they found themselves still facing failure. The evil they opposed had a twofold character; it was popular and legal. Wrong customs and ideas can only be met by moral suasion and total abstinence practice. The law protecting the liquor traffic can only be opposed by political action. The law sanctioned temptations which lured the reformed drunkard back to the abyss from which he had been rescued. Legalization of liquor selling trained the youth to believe that alcoholic indulgence was proper and safe. Driven again by stern necessity, the temperance reformers broadened their plans, enlarged their program, and hoisted the battle flag of "total abstinence for the individual, and total prohibition for the community."

That flag floats over the fighting line today. We are told to remedy intemperance by moral suasion. What use is moral suasion, while the forces of law and government are arrayed in defense of the liquor evil? Some people believe that prohibitory legislation alone will be effective. This is another blunder. Prohibitory law is the embodiment of public opinion, without which such law cannot be secured, and would not be of any value if secured. Law is the machinery that, operated and wisely guided, will accomplish results. Public opinion is the motive power that drives the machinery. Without both, success is impossible.

Further experience has taught us that the law, the effective machinery, impelled by public opinion, the motive power, must be wisely and honestly directed, if good work is to be done. We have seen prohibitory laws backed by strong expressions of popular sentiment, administered by unsympathetic or dishonest officials, and again we have had to acknowledge failure because of human weakness

and lack of previous knowledge to guide preparation for the emergency.

Thus after years of study, experience, failure, knowledge, success, we stand today in a position logically and practically far ahead of any we occupied before. We know that to win in this great struggle, we must have, firstly, sound sentiment in the community; secondly, wise laws on the statute books; thirdly, honest administration of the law when it is enacted. When these three essentials are secured, the temperance reform will be a success. It never will be while any of them is lacking.

Experience has burned these facts into the hearts and brains of Canadian temperance reformers, who, although often thwarted and delayed, are striving today with varying success to overthrow the liquor power, by bringing into the field against it, these allied forces of public opinion, legislation, and honest administration.

It is possible that certain special features of Canada's political system give her temperance reformers a slight advantage over their co-workers in the United States—in the matter of law enforcement. Their form of government is partly based upon English methods and principles that are the outcome of centuries of experience and development, and partly on the democratic ideas which are the basis of the United States constitution and laws. British precedents have been followed in administrative methods, and democratic ideas have been applied in the formulation of legislative purposes. For example, the legislature of the province of Ontario has declared that by public voting a local municipality may prohibit the retail selling of liquor, but the same legislature would refuse to allow local public opinion to decide how, or how far, the will of the people, as embodied in the law, shall be carried out.

The votes of electors in a locality cannot affect the position of any officer charged with the execution of the law in

that locality. That officer is responsible only to the provincial government, which in turn is continuously and directly responsible to the legislative body representing the whole province. An officer need not fear the hostility of any lawless local element. His position depends not on popular favor, but upon honest discharge of his duty. All men are imperfect, all laws are defective, all administrative methods fall short of being ideal, but it is not going too far to say that the Canadian system in its working out, secures an approximation to the best possible results.

Let us take a look at what has been accomplished in the way of driving the liquor traffic out of large areas, and in keeping down the consumption of intoxicating liquors. Last year our per capita consumption of all forms of strong drink was six gallons. As you know, the consumption in the United States was over twenty gallons per capita. In Great Britain the consumption was in the neighborhood of six gallons per capita. Canada drinks less than one-third of the amount drunk by the next soberest country, and about one-sixth of the average amount drunk by old-world countries. The area in which liquor selling is unlawful is rapidly increasing, through the application of the local option principle.

There are ten provinces in the Dominion of Canada. Four of these lie west of the great lakes, and are newly settled. They have a great extensive territory, rich in natural resources, but are sparsely populated. They are filling up, however, with good material, progressive and intelligent farmers from the western part of the United States, and the more enterprising and aggressive of our young people from eastern Canada. They are laying the political foundations of great commonwealths yet to be, and they are putting into their provincial statutes, provisions giving the electors power to prevent the liquor traffic from obtaining any strong position in the new land.

We can judge better the work that has been done, and the prospects of the future, by a glance at the record made in the older, wealthier, eastern provinces, with their five million population.

Beginning at the extreme east, we find that in the province of Nova Scotia, under the different forms of local option, the legalized liquor traffic is confined with very narrow limits. There are eighteen counties in the province, and in only two of them are licenses issued. West of Nova Scotia is New Brunswick, which has prohibition in nine out of fourteen counties. Prince Edward Island has enacted a provincial prohibitory law, and there is no licensed selling of intoxicating beverages in any part of the land. Further west is the French Canadian province of Quebec, where the parish is the local self-governing unit, there are 965 the other 570 are under prohibitory ordinances.
parishes in the province. Licenses are issued in 395, and

Next in order comes Ontario, with many large cities and towns, including 790 municipalities of different grades; 317 of these are under prohibition, and 473 are under license. These results are obtained by various methods, sometimes by petitions to the licensing authorities, but generally by the exercise of local voting powers, granted by the legislature of each province. It is only a few years since there were 6,185 licenses in the province of Ontario. Now there are less than 2,500, although the population is about two millions.

Prohibitory powers conferred upon all localities, by the provincial licensing statutes in most of the provinces, impose upon the liquor traffic rigid restrictions such as are becoming common to different countries. For example, in Ontario no liquor may be sold between 7 o'clock on any Saturday night and 6 o'clock on the following Monday morning. Nor may there be any sale on any part of any day on which any public voting takes place. Nor is sale

permitted to any person under twenty-one years of age, nor to inebriates or Indians, nor within a specified distance of public works or exhibition ground, or school or church.

These restrictions are fairly well enforced, and though they present a good deal of inconsistency in theory, they are useful in the development and strengthening of public opinion in relation to the dangerous character of the drink traffic.

What of the future? It is bright. We began long ago with heavy odds against us, and with little encouragement or support. Temperance sentiment was weak, the churches were indifferent, the liquor traffic was powerful. In spite of all this, we have won up to a position in which our cause is strong, respected and successful. You know the attitude of public opinion towards drink practices in this country. It is the same in Canada. Practically every church inculcates temperance, every public school is called upon to teach the dangers of alcoholic indulgence. Temperance societies are everywhere. Laws against the liquor traffic make up a large part of our statutes.

If such results have been attained in the face of tremendous opposition, with agencies that were few and feeble, what may we not hope to accomplish during the next decade with all the allied influences that now unite to assist us. There can be only one result. The ruin-working system of legalized drunkard-making will be utterly destroyed.

When that time comes, Canada will owe to the United States a debt of gratitude even heavier than that which she has already incurred. These two great nations, growing up side by side, ought to be mutually helpful, and the more so, because of their differences of method, and their independence of each other. Canada is better off because of the United States. To your enterprising example, your genius for government, your skill in adapting means to ends, we owe a good deal of what we have been able to ac-

complish. No doubt we have also learned from your political mistakes, as you will have an opportunity to do from ours.

May this useful reciprocity long continue. Co-operation in work for the uplifting of humanity is as much of union as we need desire, and allow me to add that even co-citizenship could not raise your great nation any higher than it already stands in the admiration and esteem of intelligent Canadians.

As was stated on this platform last night, the mighty power of accumulating public opinion will, ere long, be able to block the wheels of any juggernaut that would crush and destroy our weaker fellow beings. Every day that sound sentiment grows stronger, and because every word heard or spoken, every exchange of knowledge or counsel, and every inspiring greeting from co-workers, helps to swell its volume and power, I am thankful for the privilege of meeting you here today.

THE WORLD MOVES ON

By Prof. Charles Scanlon, Pittsburg, Pa.

Great truths have always dawned slowly, and the more profound and important those truths are, the longer the human race seems to have been in comprehending and applying them. How long it took us to see that slavery was wrong, that we owe the gospel to the heathen, that woman is the child of God and not the slave of man, that duty is possible, that sacrifice is sweet, that life is sacred, that ability is a trust, and that God loves the whole human race! Just now we are beginning to see with increased clearness of vision that the liquor traffic is an unnecessary evil and an unmitigated curse, and notwithstanding the centuries of struggle with this sin, we shall win in the fight. I believe this, because the trend of humanity is upward. Corruption abounds, fraud exists, there is venality in the land, vice is openly practiced and secretly reveled in, intemperance is doing incalculable evil, the Sabbath is widely desecrated and profaned, unlawful monoplies frown and glare upon us, the press, not all of it, for there are honorable exceptions, but too much of it, by its unscrupulous use for party purposes without regard to principle or honor, and by its prurient details of uncleanness and sin, becomes the very propagator of evil instead of the ally of virtue, condemning vice and crime. All of this

is true and much more. But when was there an age which can show a record in every way more favorable than the present? Sin does abound, and it has almost from the beginning of the race, but we regard and treat it as sin today and that was not always the case.

Historians have pointed out eight golden ages in the history of men: There was Palestine under Solomon, Egypt under the Ptolomies, Rome under Augustus, Athens under Pericles, Italy under Leo X, Russia under John IV., France under Louis XIV., and England under Elizabeth—all great and glorious ages as the world counts greatness and glory, and yet it seems to me there was never a time when the race was so much under the dominion of love as at the present day. Think what is being done in education for both sexes and all races! Refreshing streams of knowledge flowing broadcast through the deserts of ignorance and sin; science unlocking the secrets of the earth and the air and the sea, making the illimitable agencies of nature perform much of the drudgery of life and setting the hands and minds of men free to develop their nobler possibilities; religion has been refined and purified, and the human mind, searching for truth, has risen above superstition and cant, and taking knowledge for its guide, has made faith the product of an enlightened reason and a divine revelation. In the light of all this, only blind unbelief, it seems to me, can regard any sin as irremovable, however strongly intrenched it may be. Of the nine great historic evils, all but three—war, intemperance and impurity—have been legally abolished, and these three in God's good time must go the way the other six have gone.

If asked what these observations have to do with the temperance reform, the reply is, since we have overcome so many difficulties and obstacles, it is impossible that strong drink, the special enemy of the Anglo-Saxon race, can not be conquered. It can be and it will be, for the

word of God has promised it. The promise is that the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ; and that will never be while the liquor traffic is a legalized institution with the consent, or with the acquiescence, of Christian people. The promise is that God's will shall be done upon earth as it is done in Heaven, and that never can be while nominally Christian people rent property for saloon purposes, or sign saloon petitions, or go on saloon bonds, or vote for saloon license, or in any other manner countenance, sanction or tolerate this iniquitous institution.

I attended a meeting in the central west where the chairman opened the discussion by saying that he was opposed to the very principle of prohibition, that the Ten Commandments were not prohibitions, and proceeded for twenty minutes to argue that question, and it would take at least twenty minutes to prove that the Ten Commandments are not prohibitions. Another said that he did not object to the principle, but that he thought the thing itself was impracticable and, furthermore, that it was not the use of the liquor which did the harm, but the abuse of it, and that a man might drink too much tea or coffee or milk, or eat too much cheese. I arose then and there and said: "Yes, sir; and when I see a man in the street cursing his wife and abusing and neglecting his children and making a brute of himself, and I inquire what is the matter with him, and am told that he has eaten too much cheese, I shall insist that he be given no more cheese. How many men have ever gone to the gallows as a result of eating cheese? How many are in the penitentiary or the insane asylum or the poor house from eating cheese? How many children are in orphanages or homes for feeble minded or are afraid of their fathers, because the fathers eat cheese? Suppose I came into your home community and said that I was moderately impure, moderately untruthful, that I stole moder-

ately, whipped my wife moderately, or starved my children moderately? Every one perfectly well understands today that temperance is the moderate use of good things and total abstinence in the use of harmful things, and the use of liquor is a harmful thing, and whether it is much or little, the difference is quantitative and not qualitative.

The use of strong drink, even in moderation, is a slippery path which leads to a precipice; it is the gate through which every poor wretch who ever died of strong drink has gone on his way from a strong life to a drunkard's doom. Not one of all the unnumbered host whose graves scar the bosom of the earth and whose souls have gone unshriven into the presence of their Maker, intended to do so when they began as moderate drinkers.

Nor must any one imagine, because he is intelligent and respectable and has a pleasant home and a happy family and a good position, that he can tamper with this evil and not suffer the possible consequences. The pangs of the palace are as real and as numerous as the woes of the wigwam, and liquor sipped from golden goblets held in jeweled hands will debase and debauch as certainly and as swiftly as if taken from the rudest vessel in the filthiest by-lane. Not where you get it, nor how you get it, nor from where you get it, but simply that you get it, is the dangerous thing. There is only one infallible guarantee that one may not become a slave to his appetite for this drug, and that is to let it absolutely alone always and everywhere.

A further sign of progress is seen in the changed standards of society. Some of you may remember very well when it was a usual thing for a pastor in his common rounds of visitation to be offered strong drink in the homes, and he took it, too. At church dedications and the installation or the ordination of ministers, it was not uncommon for those in attendance to drink to excess. Rev.

Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, the friend of all good men and causes, says that, so long as a demijohn was kept in the pulpit, some of the contents was bound to trickle out into the pews. We thank God that we have gotten the demijohns out of the most of the pulpits in this country.

I visited a church in New Jersey, where the pastor told me that, years ago when the church was small and struggling (it is large and wealthy now) some of the members had a boat to ply between this country and the West Indies, carrying thereto dry goods and notions, and bringing back rum, which they sold for the benefit of the church, and there is a minute on the church records to this day commending those men for their piety and zeal in "spiritual" things. It would have been more appropriate had they said "spiritous" things, but they did not word it that way. Were they bad men? In all probability, they were good men—that was the standard of the time. I stood on the hillside at old Valley Forge, where Washington knelt in the snow and prayed to the god of battles to be with him in the Revolutionary conflict; and yet, at the time that he was kneeling there, he held slaves, sipped liquor, and is said to have taken part in lotteries. Was George Washington a bad man? No. He was as good as he was great, and as great as he was good. That was simply the standard of the time. Our foreparents kept liquor in the home, and served it to guests who came, as an act of hospitality, and this was done by godly men and women. We have fortunately outgrown that standard now, and, against the voice of science, the testimony of history, and the promptings of conscience, no one can innocently do such a thing today.

Education is also with us in this holy warfare. Thanks to Mrs. Mary H. Hunt and her sisters of the White Ribbon Army, by the authority and the mandate of law the evil effects of strong drink are taught to every child in the public schools of this country. We may say it is poorly done

or evaded, or that its influence is counteracted in the home. This is no doubt the case in many instances, but it is grandly true that four hundred seventy thousand school teachers can not teach the evil effects of strong drink to twenty-odd millions of school children, year after year, and it not bear blessed fruit in time that is to come; it will do it, and is already doing it.

Medical science is also with us in this struggle, and has shown these four things to be true: First, that alcohol is not a food, save for the jails and penitentiaries and prisons and asylums and almshouses and orphanages, etc.; second, that it does not warm the body, nor sustain it in weariness; third, that it is not a true stimulant—that is, it gives no strength—but is an irritant, narcotic poison, or in other words, a depressant; fourth, that it is not necessary as a medicine, because there are better substitutes. I have only time to speak briefly to these last two points.

That it is not a food is shown by the fact that, while it may be absorbed, it is never digested or assimilated, and therefore cannot contribute to the support of the body. That it does not afford protection against the extremes of heat or cold is shown by the testimony of Lord Roberts in Egypt and in Africa, by Generals Miles and Wheeler and Shafter in their Cuban and Porto Rican campaigns; and by Greeley and Nansen and Perry in their northern expeditions, as well as by the demonstrations of science. That it is not a true stimulant is manifest from the depressing influence which it has upon the senses and the judgment, causing men to injure themselves without knowing it, or to talk of sacred matters in a most vulgar manner. If a stimulant is needed in the crisis of disease, the best authorities say that warm milk, hot water, tea, coffee, beef tea, carbonate of ammonia, or a score of other things are better substitutes. It is a depressant, and not a true stimulant.

The late Dr. N. S. Davis, of Chicago, popularly known as the "Father of the American Medical Association," a man upon whom many professional honors were bestowed, and who for more than fifty years was at the head of Mercy Hospital in Chicago, said that for more than forty years of the latter part of his life he never used, or allowed to be used, alcohol in any form or in any quantity for any patient who came under his care, and furthermore that he believed there was no disease, ailment or accident to which the human body was heir for which it was necessary, there being better substitutes. Note carefully that he did not say that it was always useless, but he did say that it was dangerous and unnecessary. In this opinion he had the support of many eminent men whose opinions justly command respect.

When asked why, this being the case, local physicians so commonly prescribe alcohol, Dr. Davis replied, in substance, that it was due to traditional education, convenience of access, and a disinclination to cease its use while popular opinion sanctioned it.

I have no doubt that he gave the correct answer to that question. The Red Cross Hospital in New York uses no alcohol, externally or internally, for any purpose whatever. The Battle Creek Sanitarium in Michigan uses none; the London Temperance Hospital and the Frances Willard Hospital use none. Doctors go on prescribing it and people go on using it, just as they use the patent medicine nostrums which are foisted upon the public and which contain a large per cent. of alcohol, such as Peruna, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, Paine's Celery Compound, Burdock Blood Bitters, Colton's Bitters, Porter's Stomach Bitters, Warner's Safe Tonic Bitters, Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Swamp Root, etc. To all good wives and mothers, or any who have the care of a home and a family, I say let these nostrums alone. If there is

anything the matter with you or the family, have a reputable physician to prescribe; and, if there is nothing the matter, why waste your money and injure your health in taking these nostrums?

Life insurance companies have found that total abstainers are from thirty to forty per cent. better risk than moderate drinkers. Or that they live from five to seven years longer. Approximately one and one-half millions of men are employed on the railroads of the United States, and of this number ninety per cent. are prohibited from drinking liquor either while on or off duty. Trust companies refuse to become surety for men who are addicted to strong drink. Few great commercial or business concerns but that discriminate against men who use strong drink.

Numerous organizations are working actively for the overthrow of the liquor traffic. We have the Loyal Temperance Legion, the Juvenile Templars, the Sons of Temperance, the Good Templars, the National Temperance Society, the International Reform Bureau, the Anti-Saloon League, the Prohibition party, which has stood like the rock of Gibraltar for more than a generation; the W. C. T. U., with a quarter of a million of as good women as can be found in the world; and if this splendid organization had not done anything else, it has helped to keep the temperance question before the people of the nation, and that is worthy in itself and of its history, which is saying a good deal.

Now the great denominations are swinging into line. The Presbyterian church led the way by the appointment of a committee in 1811 to co-operate with similar committees from other churches to stay the tide of intemperance. In 1881 the Presbyterians made this committee a permanent part of its regular organization, thus placing the temperance reform on a parity with missions and other enterprises of the church. In 1904 the Presbyterian church began appoint-

ing field secretaries whose salary and expenses were paid by the church and who were authorized to propagate this reform in the name of and with the authority of the church. This denomination now has five representatives in the field besides an office force. It distributes millions of pages of literature each year, in several languages, furnishes pledge cards, programs and other literature, besides publishing a paper which is the official organ of the denomination.

Other denominations which have similar committees are: The Methodist Episcopal, Methodist Protestant, United Presbyterian, Reformed Presbyterian, United Evangelical, United Brethren, Congregational, Orthodox Quakers, Hicksite Quakers, General Synod of the Lutheran church, Baptists of North America, Disciples of Christ, Unitarian, Protestant Episcopal, Roman Catholic, while some of the smaller bodies such as Wesleyan Methodist, are temperance societies as well as churches.

These various church committees have organized themselves into the Inter-Church Temperance Counsel, which will hold its second session in New York City in December, 1908.

If asked what these various organizations have accomplished, the answer is they have already freed one-half of the United States from the licensed liquor traffic, and enabled forty millions of our people to live in territory where the liquor traffic is an outlaw.

But to generalize. If I have rightly read history there are four stages in every great reform: First, when it is ignored and despised by all save a few; second, when it is denounced as being false in theory and pernicious if put into practice; third, when it is admitted to be theoretically right, but claimed to be impracticable in execution; fourth, and finally, when it is accepted, adopted and applied. We have clearly gained three of these stages in the temperance reform.

That it is no longer ignored or despised must be apparent to all, for there is not a village or hamlet, city or town, hovel or home where there is not a deepening conviction that this guilty traffic ought to die. From Maine to California, from the lakes to the gulf, how to curtail and finally destroy the liquor traffic is the problem of the hour. The day has surely come in this reform when not only individuals but organizations must push forward, step aside or be run over.

We have likewise passed the second stage; the reform is no longer denounced as false in theory and pernicious if put into practice. Whatever may be a man's personal habits or his political complexion, if he is intelligent and honest, he will admit that the liquor traffic is a bad thing. Other things being equal, a sober carpenter is a better workman and a better citizen than a drunken carpenter. The same is true of the shoemaker, the blacksmith, the butcher, the baker, the farmer, the merchant, the lawyer, the doctor and the teacher; some are even intimating now that a sober preacher is actually better than a drunken preacher.

But if it is wrong for the preacher to drink it is not right for his people to drink. If it is wrong for both the preacher and the people to drink, it is not right for either the preacher or the people to vote for a man to sell stuff which it is bad to drink. If it is a bad thing to be a drunkard, it is not a good thing to license men to make drunkards. If it is such a bad thing to sell liquor that the man who does it can not belong to the same church with you, it is not a good thing for you to vote for him to do a bad thing.

The point I am trying to make is this, that the liquor dealer is not alone or even chiefly responsible for the liquor traffic. Under the old Justinian code, and in all of our own courts of common justice today, he who harbors a criminal is himself guilty of crime. Mrs. Serratt had no active part

in the murder of Abraham Lincoln, but she harbored the criminal.

Do any of you so exercise the right of suffrage as to harbor a liquor criminal? Somebody is responsible for the licensed liquor traffic in the nation, in the state, and in every community where it exists. It certainly is not the abstaining men who work and who vote against it. It cannot be the abstaining women, who for the most part, have no vote at all. Nor is it the little children who lift their baby hands to God and cry for protection. Who then is responsible? Those who use it, excuse it, vote for it, and do nothing against it.

We are just now completing our struggle with the third stage of every reform. It is no longer ignored, nor is it denounced as false and pernicious. Most people admit that theoretically it is right, but many still claim that it is impracticable of execution.

A law is not an automatic thing, it can not enforce itself any more than a garden can weed itself. It would be as sensible to elect a liar to teach truth, a thief to teach honesty, a libertine to teach chastity, or the devil to preach the gospel, as to elect a whisky man and expect him to either formulate or to enforce temperance legislation. He will not do it. The history of the past, the demands of the present, and the necessities of the future all require that we shall place men in authority who have the courage, the inclination and the ability to do what they are paid and sworn to do.

Prohibition has not had a fair trial in any state or in any portion of any state in the Union. For the most part the execution of these laws have been in the hands of their enemies; the national government has continued to derive a revenue from all liquor manufactured or imported, and this of itself has given a certain legal respectability to the traffic, since it showed the national government to be in

guilty complicity with it. Further, the national government has continued to issue federal tax receipts, which the holders have commonly considered and used as license permits to sell liquor where both the local and the state laws have forbidden it. Again, under the shield of interstate commerce, it can be, and is, shipped, in orginal packages, into no-license territory, and as the law now stands states and communities are unable to pass laws to prevent this. It needs no argument to prove that it is wrong and disgraceful for the federal government to encourage law breaking as this does.

Having gained the first three points, and we have gained them, if we shall fail in the fourth, that is to accept, adopt and apply, it will be the first instance, so far as I know, in history when any righteous reform, supported by the intelligence, the virtue, the learning, the labor, the love and the sacrifice of good people has ever failed. It will not fail, it can not fail, for ignorance and appetite and greed can not permanently stand against life and labor and love.

As John G. Holland said of another matter: "As virtue is stronger than vice, as truth is stronger than falsehood, as love is stronger than hate, as God is stronger than all the powers of evil, so sure are we to win in this conflict."

May each one of you as a Christian and a citizen do his or her part to speed the right and usher in the better day, and if we do then

"The bells in unbuilded spires
And the voices of unborn choirs"

will pour forth their peans of praise.

"REMEMBER THE ATHENIANS"

By Miss Belle Kearney, of Mississippi.

When Darius, King of Persia, heard that the Athenians and Ionians had captured and destroyed Sardis, he had no fear of the latter, for he knew that they could soon be conquered; but he was very desirous of learning who the Athenians were. When those in authority related their history, the king turned his face toward heaven, and shooting an arrow strongly from his bow, he exclaimed: "Oh, supreme God, grant me that I may avenge myself on the Athenians." The Persian court was full of luxury, and the prospect of carrying war to the Greeks was not an inviting one, so, to hold him to his purpose, and keep his determination constantly in his mind, he made one of his servants stand by him daily, when he was at his meals, and say: "Sire, remember the Athenians." Under the influence of the great political excitement which has raged throughout our country for the past few years, many advocates of prohibition have lapsed into a state of deplorable inactivity. In the meantime, liquor has been shipped in quantities from county to county; the laws have been openly, boldly, impudently violated; young men have been drinking themselves into early graves and reformatories, and the old song of the rifted nest and the broken heart goes on. It is time to call a halt; at least to utter a note of warning. Mine, friends, is "Remember the Athenians," the liquor dealers, who never slumber nor grow weary, but keep eternal vigilance over the affairs of men to lead them to destruction.

I have three charges to bring against local option:

First, it is unsound in principle. Second, it is delusive in theory. Third, it is disappointing in practice.

The very term, local option, suggests license. In fact a local option law is nothing more nor less than a license law. License clothes the saloon business with the protection of the courts and renders it the best paying investment for capital. It establishes its commercial standing and gives it an air of respectability. It draws the liquor dealers of the state and nation into a mighty combination that constitutes the political and moneyed power of the land rendering it almost invincible.

License is a permission, an authorization, a recommendation of good character of the holder that no other business man receives. Instead of a license being a brand of infamy, it is a certificate of honor which brings the possessor into close relations with the government; it makes him a sort of agent or protege, conferring upon him especial dignity.

Liquor dealers are not slow to appreciate these advantages. The National Association of Distillers, organized in 1886, declared in the first call they issued their purpose "to indorse the license system." Within the last few years the president of the Liquor Dealers' Association of the United States said to his confederates: "The two most effective weapons with which to fight the prohibitionists are high license and local option. The true policy for the trade to pursue is to advocate as high a license as they can, in justice to themselves, afford to pay."

It has been decided long ago that the liquor traffic is inimical to the safety and welfare of a community; this being the case, it should be prohibited altogether, and not limited to a favored few who have the money and "character" to settle the question of legality. The United States Supreme Court says: "There is no greater source of crime and suffering to society than the dramshop"; and, in

consequence of this "there is no inherent right in a citizen of a state, or of the United States, to conduct one"; and that the creation of such "is a matter of legislative will only."

Again, it says: "No legislature can bargain away the public health or public morals. The people themselves can not do it, much less their servants. Government is organized with a view to their preservation, and can not divest itself of the power to provide for them." According to this declaration, every license law that a legislature creates is a betrayal of the people's trust and a direct defiance of the opinion of the highest tribunal of this Republic. If there ever was a bargaining away of "public health" and "public morals," it is when a license is granted to a man to destroy the peace of a community, rob it of its prosperity and debauch its manhood by the establishment of a dramshop. If there is no inherent right in an individual to commit the sin, surely no body of men, supposed to represent the people, should be allowed the privilege.

The purpose of prohibition is not to restrain the personal habits of men or to reform them; but it is to protect society from the evil effects of drink. It is not a question of inherent right or wrong that determines whether a thing shall be prohibited or not, but the extent to which others have to suffer by it. A prohibitory law does not deal with the individual drunkard—that is left to the province of moral suasion—but its object is to save the state and nation from the burdens that follow in the train of the liquor traffic and to shield the defenseless victims of others' appetites—the women and children who are unable to shield themselves.

Local option places the most helpless members of society entirely at the mercy of the voters of a community, a risky proceeding, to say the least, in this day of political

corruption. A prime objection to local option is this very instability and uncertainty. One may feel secure in a prohibitory law this year under its provisions, but, in an election two years hence, the saloon may be enthroned. In these constantly recurring elections that the system renders necessary, the counties are put to extra expense and the people taxed, in consequence, to bear it.

Local option is delusive in theory, in that it persuades men that it is an educator of prohibition sentiment, when just the contrary is the fact. This is shown continually by counties that have been for years under its regime going back to the point from which they started by voting in large majorities for the re-establishment of the saloon. Instead of bringing the convictions of citizens concerning prohibition up to higher ideals, local option has a decided tendency to make them satisfied with what they have attained, producing a lethargy that is almost as deadly as opposition; or it fills their souls with such supreme disgust at its insufficiency as to alienate them entirely from prohibition, for which local option makes a show of standing.

Local option is delusive, for, instead of settling the question of prohibition, it causes an eternal fight in which the best portions of a community are brought to a face to face encounter with the lowest elements and subjected to their abuse and underhand dealings. If the votes of a certain number of unprincipled men can be bought or intimidated at an election by the liquor dealers, or a grand jury or board of supervisors suborned, the prohibitionists are as powerless to carry the day as a flock of white-winged pigeons.

Local option is delusive by giving a seeming protection from the liquor traffic when there can be no protection while in a county adjoining the local option county the saloon is full-fledged and the liquor dealers alert to disturb

the situation in the dry county; or, when all that is necessary is a walk over the boundary line or a shipment of liquor a few miles to flood the country and bring the name of prohibition into contempt and disgrace. Such measures cultivate the spirit of lawlessness in a people and train them in methods of duplicity.

Local option is unsatisfactory in practice for the enforcement of its provisions are nearly always left in the hands of officials who are either opposed to the law or indifferent to it. The consequence is blind tigers infest the country and no attempt is made to drive them from their lairs. Agents are allowed to enter a town and openly sell illicit liquors while the mayor and his brother officials look on quietly and smile approval without making the slightest effort to stop the influx. Young men hold high drinking carnivals, assaults are made and rioting indulged in, but an arrest is seldom attempted. All the while the enemies of prohibition triumph and grow more defiant in their violations and insolence. All the while so-called good men sit around inertly and discuss the miserable condition of affairs, lament the fact that prohibition is a failure and weakly admit that the saloon might as well be running in full blast, not once thinking it necessary to raise their voices in denunciation or lift their hands to crush out the unholy thing. If I were a man, I would be ashamed to occupy such a position. If the men of this country are unable to protect our homes by the enforcement of law, in the name of justice, give the women the ballot and let them have a chance at it! Some men are silent through cowardice, some through self-interest. The fear of losing a dollar is a terrible thought to the small souls of many—others through lack of energy and moral force. The man in politics will run no risk of losing popularity, for the saloon is the acknowledged headquarters for all political deals and jobberies.

It is incredible to me that the friends of law and order would condescend for one moment to weigh in the balance the question whether it were better to have the blind tiger or the open saloon. The victory is almost won for prohibition in certain states of our country. Why should there be a halting now between two such abominations? The intelligent portions of every community have acknowledged the justice and righteousness of prohibition and the sin and degradation of the liquor traffic. The Protestant churches of almost every denomination are largely with us in sympathy and the Catholics stand splendidly for total abstinence; so do philanthropic societies and associations of labor, professional and business men. The traffic has been driven into the darkest corners and the fight now, as a rule, is only with the lowest, most debauched, ignorant, unprincipled members of society. Shall we accept the blind tiger or the open saloon? Neither! As long as there is a spark of conscience left to this nation or a shred of the majesty of its laws! It would be difficult to find two more demoralizing agencies with which to curse a people than a blind tiger or an open saloon.

When there is a licensed grogshop in a community, it is a standing declaration that the majority of voting citizens favor the liquor traffic; that it has as much right to exist as a dry goods house or a drug store. It is an admission on their part that the desire for intoxicants in the nature of old drinkers must be catered to and the like craving created and fostered in young boys who have not yet learned the lesson. It is assumed that alcoholic drinks are a necessity—an assumption that bodies of scientists in this country and Europe have declared to be false.

The presence of a blind tiger in a community is evidence of the approval or indifference or cowardice of its citizens. There is no excuse whatever for the existence of a blind tiger, for it can be so easily exterminated.

When it seems impossible to get witnesses to testify against the keeper of the unlawful institution, it will be found a convenient thing to employ a detective to spy out the hidings of the outlaw and bring him to justice along with his accomplices. However, the surest and speediest and most satisfactory solution of the blind tiger problem is the election of officers, both local and state, who have nerve and principle enough to institute a still hunt.

For the sake of those brothers and sisters who are weak in the faith and hang on to the uncertainty of having to choose between the blind tiger and the open saloon I will try to prove that of the two curses the blind tiger is the lesser. It is easier to exterminate an evil that is under the ban of the law than one that is shielded by legal statutes. The blind tiger has been declared by our legislators a criminal and a price has been set upon his head; he is a sneakthief with no weapons for his defense but cunning and daring. He can be hounded down and torn to pieces and the law will say, "Amen!"

The open saloon is a citizen with a guard of honor, the rock-ribbed and impenetrable fiats of the law about him, armed to the leeth to maintain his rights; any effort to break through the line of statutes is like striking one's head against a stone wall or falling upon naked swords. With an official document, stamped with the government's seal, giving the saloon the right to exist, no man can safely say, "Thou shalt not." The law steps in and with an imperious wave of the scepter cries, "Hands off!" The law has declared that the blind tiger is disreputable; it has robed the open saloon with garments of dignity and put a golden chain of honor about its neck.

It is in this distinction that the law makes of honor and dishonor that is found a strong educative factor for the youth of our land. The laws of a country are the pulses that determine the condition of the body politic; they are

the mainsprings that regulate the machinery of government; they are the conscience that impels to noble action or degrades the moral life.

In the outlawry of the liquor traffic boys are taught that it has no right to exist; that it is an enemy to society; that it is a business fraught with peril and disgrace and they grow to look upon it with contempt. In the protection that the law gives to the saloon, it assumes an air of respectability; the young become familiar with its assured position in business and in the estimation of the social world and are led to respect it; finally they defend it.

The situations of respectability and non-respectability have their influence, not only with the young, but with the older people as well. There are few decent men who would patronize a blind tiger; they would scorn to enter an establishment that was run by an outlaw and was the rendezvous for all the toughs in the town or countryside, but, without the slightest hesitancy, these men would walk into an open saloon and calmly take their drinks at the bar before the eyes of any chance passerby, or inside visitor. Those who know nothing of the taste of alcoholic liquors are not likely to prowl around in forbidden corners to cultivate an appetite. The open saloon is an everlasting enticement; there is the bland bartender, anxious for a talk; there is the odor of liquor in the nostrils, the sight of glasses, the tinkle of ice in summer and the steam of hot drinks in winter, all snares and pitfalls and deathtraps. It seems to me that the argument for the salvation of the young should, alone, forever settle the question of the blind tiger and the open saloon.

While traveling through the Alps in Switzerland I saw the dry, rocky bed of a river winding its sinuous way through the brilliant tints of a mountain side. The outline was perfect. Underneath was the river flowing

deep down into the rugged earth. At certain seasons its volume increases and it pours into its upper channel; but at all other times it is hidden, leaving only the outward evidence of its existence. The blind tiger is the unseen river; its rumblings are heard, but it is out of sight. The open saloon is the outward, raging stream carrying everything before its resistless sweep. As a young traveler going through the mountainous difficulties of life, I would infinitely prefer to walk over the dry, rocky bed of the hidden river of intemperance, rather than swim through its outward, dangerous floods.

It is argued by some that the open saloon keeps down blind tigers as the saloonkeeper is jealous of his interests and would report any one who was running the business illegally, when he had paid the price for doing so. There is not one saloon in a hundred where the laws under which it is conducted are not violated; the blind tiger men have their eyes on them and the saloonists know it and they would not dare reveal the illegal liquor dealers for fear he would do the same to him. It is like two animals keeping each other at bay; or two robbers who have entered into collusion to protect each other's interests on the basis of mutual distrust; or two antagonists, apparently hating each other, but, in reality occupying the most amiable ground of comradeship.

It is argued again that the quantity of liquor consumed would be lessened if there were only a few licensed saloons and the blind tigers closed; this has been proven long ago to be a deceit. One open saloon could sell as much liquor as fifty blind tigers and more—for it could be secured without fear of detection and dispensed under more inviting surroundings.

The string upon which the advocates of the open saloon never tire of harping is that of license money. They insist that if the business is to be run at all, that the county

and state should reap the benefits from it to which they are entitled by law. License money is the tightest bandage that was ever tied about the eyes of humanity. No county or state has ever been made richer by license money, but, on the contray, a thousand times poorer by the ravages of the saloons that are licensed. "Very well," you say, "let the license money pay for them;" but the license money would not begin to meet the demands; and, if it did, there would still be the loss to the commonwealth of brains and blood and work; of citizenship, of honor, of homes, which are the foundation stones of all society. No amount of money on earth would compensate for the loss of such treasures.

Licensing an evil for the money that is in it is like a man, who, in a railroad wreck, would save his hat and lose his life. There is no sound argument in the whole scale of moral or legal ethics that can justify the granting of a license for the sale of liquor to effect the ruin of the human family.

The state, in licensing the liquor traffic, admits that it is a crime or it would not be restrained at all. A product may be taxed for revenue, as sugar, cloth or salt, and a license may be granted upon the same ground; but, if it is imposed for restraint, the situation assumes a new aspect. Restraint implies protection from a public evil; when license is granted the liquor traffic on that basis, the advocates of the saloon concede the principle and right of entire prohibition.

The merchant and baker, lawyer, physician and others pay a license to ply their trades or practice their professions; but the tax that is levied on them is not to restrain their business but simply to secure revenue. They are regarded as blessings to mankind and make helpful returns for every dollar they receive from the public; but the liquor dealer, in taking a man's money, gives in ex-

change, not clothes and bread, medicine and legal advice, but a deadly decoction that will poison the life of the purchaser. The government, recognizing the difference, says in effect to the liquor dealer: "Your business is a curse and you must pay for it." A league of death is entered into, the articles of agreement being the souls of men for whom the Son of God endured the bloody sweat in Gethsemane and the agony of the cross on Calvary.

The sore of the liquor traffic is a deep-seated one. License, high or low, is a salve that may soothe the inflammation, but it will never reach the root of the disease.

With prohibitionists, the question is not so much the enforcement of law, as the maintenance of the vital principle underlying the law.

A prohibitory law, even if not enforced, is better than licensing the saloon, for it teaches the lesson that the liquor traffic is not countenanced by law. It places the dramshop in the category of nuisances and the sale of liquor in the list of crimes. It strips every atom of respectability from the liquor dealer, and puts him in the position which he really occupies, whether in the blind tiger or the open saloon, and that is, a robber of wealth, a destroyer of peace, a despoiler of home, a grave-digger, a jail-keeper, a disease-infector!

However nothing could be more serious or fraught with more unhappy consequences to a people than the constant disregard of law. The violation of its sanctity in one point, brings the whole system into discredit; the result of which is a nation of outlaws instead of patriots.

The opponents of prohibition declare that men can't be compelled to do right against their will. That is equivalent to saying that every misdemeanor shall go unpunished; that laws against every crime shall be repealed, and an admission made that government is a failure.

It is amusing to hear men talk about prohibitory law as

an infringement of their personal liberty. I wonder if the Hebrews discussed an abrogation of their rights when Moses delivered to them the tablets of stone upon which God had written the eternal fiats: "Thou shalt not kill; Thou shalt not steal," and so on. The first law of creation was that of order; the second of prohibition. Remember the pronunciamento concerning the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil: "Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die." So it has been on down the ages, through all codes, civil and ecclesiastical.

As a rule, the loudest criers for personal liberty are the men who most warmly favor license laws. If it is an invasion of personal liberty to prohibit the liquor traffic, according to the same logic, it is surely an invasion to restrict its sale. Restriction is only a mild form of prohibition. It is simply a question of degree. If it is an invasion of personal liberty to prohibit the sale of liquor, then it is an invasion of the inalienable rights of man to forbid him to commit murder, or larceny, to be guilty of forgery or perjury and the hundred and one other offenses that are now regarded as criminal.

No man has a right to ruin the water supply of a town and poison the inhabitants; nor to burn up his neighbor's house, nor to manufacture counterfeit money. Man is hedged in on every side by prohibitory law. Why should he murmur when an effort is made to prohibit the liquor traffic which is, in itself, the deadliest foe to the rights of men for "life, liberty, property and the pursuit of happiness"?

Arsenic, dynamite, powder, strychnine, aconite and prussic acid are prohibited for all uses except those that are of benefit to the world; alcohol is a chemical poison and should rank with these and be limited in the same way.

No man has a personal right to ruin his body by drink

or other means of debauchery; for, on spiritual grounds, he is not his own; he is "bought with a price"; physically, the seeds of disease germinated by drink are transmitted to his children whom he has no right to curse.

Some time ago a lady friend and I were sitting in a railway station at a large city in the East, waiting for my train, when a boy seemingly about twelve years old, came ambling into the room. He gave every evidence of being feeble-minded. Turning to my friend, I asked: "What do you suppose was the cause of that poor child's condition?" "I happen to know his parents," she quickly replied. "His father was drunk for months before he was born."

Soon after that I visited an institute for the feeble-minded in one of the Atlantic states. As the proprietor was showing me through the establishment he said: "Almost every boy and girl in this institution either had a father or a mother who was a drunkard, or a grandmother, or a grandfather, or a great-grandmother, or a great-grandfather."

As surely as insanity or scrofula or consumption and other hereditary diseases are transmitted through the generations, just so surely will the love for liquor, or the weakness for tobacco, or the tendency toward impurity be handed down. Ah, gentlemen, I don't know what you think about it, but I insist that the most cowardly thing in all the world is to curse an unborn child.

Legally, a man belongs to the state as a citizen and has no right to defraud it of the increment of service he should render. Drinking intoxicating liquor is a sure process of suicide. No man has a right to take his life; in the sight of God and of men he is as complete a murderer as if he had taken another man's life.

A great deal of soft sentimentality has been bestowed upon drunkards. I think they should be dealt with as other incapables. As long as the state makes drunkards,

it should be forced in the name of common justice to take care of them. No man has a right to become a burden to those who are bound to him by ties of blood that are indissoluble. Men often claim that they have a right to drink because they injure nobody but themselves. There was never a drunkard on earth who has not been the direct cause of misery either to persons connected with him, or to society at large.

No man can live to himself. Humanity is socialistic and interdependent in its homogenity; what affects one, affects all. For the wreck of every drunkard in this land, there is, in almost every case, the wreck of a woman's happiness to accompany it; but that is usually regarded as a very small thing; the world thinks there is no philosophy in it and shrugs its shoulders at the mention of a woman's sorrow.

In every sob that issues from the broken hearts of the women of this country, there is not only a rebuke to the manhood of this land, but volumes of unwritten laws which will as surely be summed up as there is a God to pity and to save. In the wail of every helpless child that has received its death-hurt at the hands of the liquor traffic there is a protest, an entreaty that the divine sense of justice, slumbering in the conscience of this nation, will some day heed.

When I was going through the Luray cavern in Virginia, that marvelous place with its sleeping waters and fairy creations of form and color, our conductor stopped us at a certain point, and going down several steps until he reached a level space, he took a little instrument made of wood and tipped with steel out of his pocket and striking upon the different ledges of rock that projected in front of him produced, to our infinite amazement, the tender, familiar strains of "Nearer, My God, To Thee." Nature is not more full of surprises than the human heart.

Locked in its deep recesses are the mighty forces which make for righteousness and which, some day, will wake to life and action and bring this old world of ours back to the blessed state of equilibrium that it enjoyed when first it issued from the workshop of its Maker.

The voice of God sings in the soul of every man; its melodies are often muffled, but when the right keys are touched by the master hand, the harmonies ring out unmistakably.

Going back to the question of personal liberty, if nobody was injured by the liquor traffic except the man who drinks, has he a right to insist that the saloon shall continue just to supply him with his grog? This is as reasonable and consistent as the claim of the man who says that he has a right to drink and the saloon to exist because Christ made wine at a marriage in Cana, of Galilee, over eighteen hundred years ago. To carry out the personal liberty argument to its logical conclusion, no restriction of the liquor traffic should be countenanced, but the reins given entirely to free rum.

About fifty years ago, two of the most eminent jurists in America, Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate, were hired by the liquor dealers to go before the Supreme Court of the United States and try to convince those learned judges that the personal liberty of individuals and the inalienable rights of the Declaration of Independence were endangered by the prohibition of the liquor traffic; but they failed completely. Forty years later, Joseph H. Choate was employed by the liquor dealers for the same purpose, but he, too, failed. The Supreme Court, regardless of the elaborate argument to which they had been subjected, made this declaration: "Nor can it be said that government interferes with or impairs any one's constitutional rights of liberty or property when it determines that the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks for general

or individual use as a beverage are or may become hurtful to society and to every member of it, and is therefore a business in which no on may lawfully engage." This is the legal ultimatum. All unprejudiced minds have long since accepted the moral.

As a substitute for local option, with all of its unhappy consequences and unrest, I want to urge upon the people of the different commonwealths the adoption of prohibition by an amendment to their constitutions, forbidding the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes within the borders of the states. As every one knows, in order to secure an amendment to a state constitution it is necessary that a bill looking to that effect shall first pass both houses of the legislature, be signed by the Governor and then be submitted to the people for ratification, two-thirds of the votes cast being necessary to carry the measures. This seems a formidable undertaking, but, with the high degree of prohibition sentiment that exists in so many states and after securing such strong restrictive statutes from their legislatures in the past, with a sufficient amount of agitation of the subject, it could be carried. Such is my faith in the loyalty and intelligence of our people; but, even if we failed to secure the amendment, the educative power of such a movement would be of inestimable value.

If we obtain constitutional prohibition we shall be through forever with all the agonizing uncertainties of local option elections, the heavy expenses consequent to them, and all the other miseries that attend the system, until some future legislature shall see proper to repeal the prohibitory law and the people give their consent to it. This will never be done if the prohibitionists throughout the states look to their laurels and see that the law is obeyed and keep alive the sentiment which caused its creation and which is necessary in every reformation to

assure its success and continuance. States have a right to legislate on the question of prohibition even to the extent of abolishing the liquor traffic altogether.

Senator Fry, in a letter to the Chicago Advance, in 1874, said, in reference to the constitutional prohibitory law of of the state of Maine: "When the law was enacted I have no doubt two-thirds of the people were at heart opposed to it; now they could not be induced to repeal it." It has been proven that he was right in his supposition. After more than fifty years of trial, the state legislature of Maine, on a motion to repeal the law, defeated the proposal by a large majority. Maine has stood unshaken in the magnificent stand it took over a half century ago; what it has done, other states can do also. The only thing that ever hinders the fulfilment of constitutional prohibition is the lack of conviction in the masses, the busy machinations of unscrupulous politicians and the election of officers who are not in sympathy with the measure. This has been the case with all those states that once had constitutional prohibition and afterward lost it.

"But," the objectors urge, "there will be as many violations of the law under constitutional prohibition as there are now under high license and local option, for men will have their liquor under any conditions." Doubtless, as long as so little attention is paid to the enforcement of law as now prevails; but the friends of prohibition will have the blessed satisfaction of knowing that they have given to the people the strongest protection from the liquor traffic which civil statutes can provide and brought their ideas concerning prohibitory law up to higher standards. In all states where constitutional prohibition has prevailed for even a short time, it has been proven that drinking decreased immeasurably and that there was a corresponding decrease in poverty and crime.

There are thousands of men who would take their grog if they could secure it by the drink, but who are not able to order their liquor in quantities; these men and their families are saved, but we realize fully that those who are accustomed to drinking and are able to pay for their liquor at any price will have it as long as it is manufactured. From this fact arises the necessity of taking a step farther than state prohibition, and calling on Congress to exercise the absolute power that it possesses to prohibit the manufacture and sale of liquor in the territories and in the District of Columbia, as it has already done in all forts, arsenals and military posts under Federal government; to stop the shipment of liquor from state to state, and the importation of liquor from foreign countries. When this is done the next thing will be to secure an amendment to the national constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquors in all of the states of the Union.

From the very beginning the Federal government has been the strong ally of the liquor traffic. The constitution of the United States, by the protection it gives the business, directly antagonizes the prohibitory laws of the several states, rendering their enforcement almost an impossibility; thus violating those very rights so dear to the hearts of Southern people that they were willing once to enter into a Confederacy to maintain them, to secede from the Union to justfy them, and to fight for four long years to establish them.

We have never had a full prohibitory law and never shall have until Congress unites with the people to secure one. Constitutional prohibition for the states is the most effective stepping-stone to the ultimate goal of national prohibition, which is within our reach and should be utilized to the farthest extent. The idea for all who have the best interests of the prohibition cause at heart is to

work for the measure that promises to yield the largest return of peace and safety to the people.

My mother was the most intensely prejudiced woman against the North that I ever knew, and that is saying a good deal; for if one had visited the Southern states during the years immediately following the close of the civil war, he would have found many other women occupying positions closely similar to hers. Father fought for several years as a Colonel in the Confederacy; but when he came back to his plantation home, hurt near unto death going to the siege of Vicksburg, he brought with him an intense admiration for his opponents. He said that nobler, braver men never walked than those who had enlisted in the Union army.

It was different with my mother. She never saw the federal troops, except when they marched by her front gate; and she always insisted that the Northern soldiers had gone down into the South without having the slightest shadow of an excuse for doing such a thing, and had robbed her of her immense wealth, which consisted entirely of slaves and plantations; and, as the years went by, instead of her bitterness growing less, it seemed to deepen in its intensity.

As the decades passed God sent Frances E. Willard into the Southern states, and she accomplished what Grant and the other Federal generals, with all their legions, failed to accomplish, and that was to conquer Southern women. They thought that she was the most exquisite soul they had ever known—and they were right—for she was; but my dear mother stood out against Frances Willard.

Eventually the call for service to humanity came very definitely to me and I stepped out from that old environment of narrowness and prejudice, but of perfect comfort and extreme happiness, I can assure you, into the unpop-

ular temperance work for my Lord's sake. I began to go into the far North and there I received the most royal hospitality; there the most loving, gracious kindness was bestowed upon me; there such devoted, worshipful friends were given me that I never dreamed it possible to have. When I wrote to mother about it all—the love, the tenderness, the magnanimity enveloped in that splendid reception—then it was that she, too, surrendered; then it was that my mother experienced a full forgiveness in her heart toward the North.

A few years ago I went from Boston to Mississippi and carried with me a copy of the life of Wendell Phillips. Soon after my arrival at the old plantation home, I said to mother: "It is true that you are seventy and I am somewhat younger; but your eyes are strong and undimmed, while I can never see to study after the dusk deepens; so you will have to read to me this biography of Wendell Phillips." "You must never forget, my daughter," she replied, "that we of the South do not wish to know any more about Wendell Phillips than those things which were thrust upon us in the years preceding the horrible struggle between the states." "Surely," I persisted, "surely, mother, you would not hesitate to read to me anything that I desired, would you? When you realize that I can not read for myself at night?" Relenting graciously she said: "The word of my daughter has always been law in our household, and if she desires me to read to her the life of the famous anti-slavery agitator, it shall be done."

Consequently, evening after evening, my mother and I would sit close together in her large, old-fashioned room, before an immense, open fireplace and she would read to me the life of Wendell Phillips. As we proceeded she would be filled with indignation over the infamous epithets that were bestowed upon Southern people. Finally she exclaimed: "What right has this author to call us

'negro-beaters' and 'slave-whippers' and other abominable things? Who ever heard of negroes being beaten upon Southern plantations in ante-bellum days? No slaves were ever whipped upon your father's plantations nor upon mine; no negroes were ever beaten upon the plantations of your relatives, and they owned nearly all of this part of the country and were every one slaveholders, and their ancestors had been ever since the establishment of slavery in America." "Well, mother," I replied calmly, "all that you have said is probably true—for you and father and our relatives were Christians—some of them in the ministry—but how do you know what went on between the slaves and the overseers when you were absent from the plantations?" As everybody knows, slaveholders lived like grandees, and were upon the plantations usually only in the spring and fall—at other seasons they were traveling in this country or in Europe. "How do you know what went on between the slaves and the overseers in your absence?" I repeated. "Now, mother," I continued, "since I have been in the fighting ranks of one reformation, I have looked into others. In my visits to the homes of hundreds of Southern people, I have had men and women of undoubted honesty of character, from one end of the South to the other, to tell me that every infamy which was ever written or said or dreamed about slavery was true."

As we read along, a recognition of the injustice of the institution seemed to sink into my mother's consciousness for the first time, and when the book was closed she said, with a deep shudder: "Oh, wasn't slavery a horrible thing!" Some day, some hour, when prohibition shall stretch its white wings from ocean to ocean over this great continent of ours—some day, when the legalized dramshop shall be driven to a death that knows no resurrection, you will find men and women who now stand for

the saloon, begin to say: "Oh, is it possible that our civilization was ever so low as to permit a legalized dramshop to exist in any community? Oh, can it be true that men were ever such brutes as to drink themselves into a state of drunkenness, and hand down their thirst for liquor to the little children yet unborn?" Then you will hear these same women and men saying, with a deep shudder: "Oh, wasn't the liquor traffic a horrible thing?" It's coming! Please God, it is coming! And those of us who are climbing the mountain heights, with tired feet and aching hearts, are even now catching glimpses of the rosy day-dawn sure to be!

Constantly we hear that the temperance question is one which should be settled by moral suasion; that it should be left to the ministers and lecturers, to the homes and schools and philanthropic societies. We may pray and talk, preach and teach our doctrines forever, but it is only at the ballot-box that those doctrines will be noticed materially or crystallized into enduring form. Moral suasion is well enough for the drunkard, but it is the saloon back of the man which makes him a drunkard that we are trying to reach. Reformers have long since realized the utter inutility of moral suasion that is not backed by legal statutes.

Ministers are coming down from their lofty pinnacles in the rarified regions of moral suasion, and are going in for a hand-to-hand encounter with the liquor traffic, using the ballot-box as a threshing machine; lecturers feel that they are "wasting their sweetness on the desert air" in proclaiming the virtues of total abstinence, and begging persons to sign the pledge, while the dramshop stands to render all their utterances null and void; so, they are leaving the field of moral suasion and are concentrating the powers of their logic and eloquence upon the strongholds of legislation, magnifying the potency of the ballot-

box as a lever to lift the world; women have grown weary in the struggle to effect the reformation of the individual and the salvation of communities by moral suasion, and have been led to see that their work will be as nothing until their convictions find expression at the ballot-box.

Home training and school teaching and philanthropic enterprises are the very props and stays of humanity, but the principles inculcated by these beneficent forces are as ropes of sand unless they are rooted and grounded in the spirit of our laws.

The safety of a people depends upon the inviolable sanctity of the ballot-box. Every act of fraud perpetrated there is a crime against the state; every vote cast that does not mean the protection of the home is a sin against the home; every ballot that is bought or intimidated is an insult to manhood.

When the Greeks were holding their council of war, previous to the battle of Marathon, "the votes of the generals" stood five for and five against engaging. It was left to Calimachus to decide, perhaps, not only the fate of Athens, but that of all the nations of the earth. He realized the gravity of the situation and settled the question in favor of making a stroke for the independence of his country.

Every man who enjoys the precious privilege of the elective franchise should vote at every election with as much seriousness as if it devolved upon him to decide the destiny of the human race. It is only this feeling of personal responsibility that strengthens character, develops power and gives to the world a patriot.

Republican institutions have discovered the individual. The idea so often given has been: It is the man back of the artillery that gains the military victories. It is the man behind the fleet that conquers in a naval engagement. It is the man behind science that has made steam and

electricity the wonders of the age. It is the man back of all law and theology and philanthropy that has pushed humanity to its present height.

Emerson says: "Every true man is a cause, a country and an age." The American, in the potency of his individuality, has made America what it is. Back of our splendid institutions, it is the man and woman of this nation, as units, who are its glory.

When the individual takes hold of a great truth and his heart and brain and will become possessed of the necessity for its triumph, then comes revolution.

To gain the final victory for our cause, we must saturate the individual conscience of the voters of this country with the chemical of enthusiasm for righteousness; the ballot-box to be the point where that enthusiasm shall be transformed into positive expression by the election of good men to office who will create laws to annihilate the liquor traffic. The difficulty with the world is that principle is so faintly tinted and so easy to change its hue.

Once when nearing the shores of England I saw a number of beautiful little vessels with crimson sails floating on the water. I was told that the sailors dyed their canvas with tanbark to make them strong.

If our convictions were dyed and strengthened with the tanbark of God's eternal truth, there would be no wind of opposition fierce enough to drive us from our course nor sun-heat of iniquity great enough to fade the color of our purpose. In reference to woman and the ballot, I desire, especially, to speak today.

Facts are more convincing than argument and more eloquent than fine rhetoric. In Wyoming, Colorado, Idaho and Utah women have received full enfranchisement. For thirty-eight years the women of Wyoming have been voting upon equal terms with men. Fourteen years ago full suffrage was bestowed upon the women of Colorado.

Eleven years ago, the right to vote without limitation, was given to the women of Idaho and Utah. The women of Kansas have had municipal suffrage for twenty years. In twenty-two states school suffrage has been granted to women. As early as 1838 Kentucky took the initiative in the bestowment of this form of franchise. Twenty years ago a law was passed in Montana allowing all tax-paying women in that commonwealth to vote upon all questions submitted to the taxpayers. Nine years ago the women of Louisiana were granted the same right. Thirteen years ago Iowa women were given bond suffrage. Just four years ago Kansas bestowed it upon the women of that state. Minnesota, in 1888, gave the women within its borders the right to cast their ballots for library trustees. Six years ago New York State empowered women in all its towns and villages to vote on questions connected with local taxation.

In Finland and New Zealand women have full suffrage. In Australia women have unlimited franchise, except in Victoria, where women are not allowed to vote for members of their states parliaments, although permitted to cast their ballots in all their elections, even those for members of the National Assembly. The 800,000 women of Australia may be elected to parliament and hold any elective national office. Tasmania gave women full suffrage in 1903, and Queenland in 1905. The gift of complete suffrage rights came to the women of New Zealand fourteen years ago, that of national suffrage to the women of Federated Australia five years ago, and only last year the women of Finland received unlimited political freedom, the bill giving them this right, and the eligibility to hold any office, having been signed by the Czar of Russia. For twenty-seven years the women of the Isle of Man have had full suffrage. The women of Canada and Great Britain have municipal suffrage. A strong demand is

being made in England on the part of women for the extension of their franchise rights. Petitions have been presented to the House of Commons signed by 73,384 women textile workers, and 132 trades and labor unions, representing more than 100,000 women workers. Recently 257,000 women, representing all grades of society, signed a petition which was presented to the British Parliament. In every city of the world where English is the national language, women vote, except in America, where they have that privilege to an unlimited degree only in four states, and municipally but in one. All told, there are at least a million and a quarter of English speaking women in different countries who have received full enfranchisement. Municipal suffrage was given to the women of Sweden forty-five years ago, and the women of New South Wales came into that right only five years later, but they now enjoy full state suffrage. Twenty-six years ago Iceland gave the right to vote for parish and town councils, district boards and vestries to single women and widows, and twenty-one years later made women eligible to these offices. In 1893 when full suffrage was granted, both to Colorado and New Zealand, the women of Denmark got church suffrage, and in 1895 the right was obtained to vote for councillors. Two years later the women of Norway were given the privilege of voting on certain church matters, and afterward secured municipal suffrage. Nine years ago the women of France, who were engaged in commerce were honored by being allowed to vote for the tribunals of commerce. A new organization, known as the Group for the Defense of Rights of Women, has been formed in the French Chamber of Deputies, composed entirely of members of the national parliament of France. Two years ago, municipal suffrage was given to the women of Natal, South Africa. In 1906 a national woman suffrage organization with a membership of 10,000 was

formed in Russia, also national unions in Italy and Hungary. Recently the 4,000 students and professors of the University of St. Petersburg unanimously voted in favor of woman suffrage; so did a number of other bodies composed of influential Russians. Last year it was decided by the Court of Appeals at Ancona that the women of Italy have the right to vote in all elections. Influenced by this act the Court of Appeal of Florence decreed that the names of all women who make application shall be placed on the list of voters. The highest court has not yet rendered a decision. In 1904 at Berlin, Germany, the International Woman Suffrage Alliance was formed with seven National Suffrage Associations auxiliary to it. Since then Federated Australia has entered. Within the past few years suffrage organizations have been effected in Austria.

Women could not vote anywhere on the globe seventy years ago, except in Sweden, and in a few other countries in the old world, and there only to a very limited degree. Lately five out of the six political parties in California put woman suffrage planks in their state platforms. In 1904, in Illinois, three of the four largest political parties in the state not merely acknowledged, but approved, the rights of women to the ballot. The National Grange has recently unanimously declared for woman suffrage and the American Federation of Labor, in its endorsement had only one dissenting vote. In the movement in Chicago to place a clause for municipal woman suffrage in the new charter, eighty-seven organizations with an aggregate membership of 10,000 women petitioned the measure. Thousands of unorganized women did the same, and men and women generally, who support the moral forces of that great city, stood splendidly for it. Of the sixty-seven opinions expressed upon the subject of woman suffrage by mayors of the leading towns in Illinois, sixty-two were in favor. Nine-tenths of three hundred lawyers and judges

of the state declared their approbation of the extension of the elective franchise to women. Letters sent out to the mayors of Wyoming, Colorado, Idaho, Utah and Kansas, the five states where women have municipal suffrage, asking their opinions of its workings and results, the replies were practically unanimous in support of woman suffrage. The report of the Commission of Education for 1902 states that in the year previous there were 92,562 more girls than boys in attendance, and 18,330 more girls than boys were graduated in the public schools of the United States, and that there were 1,494 more girls than boys who graduated with the intention of entering college. According to the report for 1901, in the twelve years between 1889 and 1901, the women who had graduated from our colleges and universities have increased from 195.1 per cent., while the increase of men graduates was only 60.6 per cent. Statistics for 1903 show that there were in the United States 6,474 women studying in women's colleges, and 24,862 women in co-educational. Calculating the vote of increase upon this basis, there are now in this country 38,268 college women students. Dr. M. Cary Thomas, the able woman who is president of Bryn Mawr, and a suffragist, says: "Although there are in the United States nearly 1,800,000 less women than men, women already constitute considerably over one-third of the entire student body, and are steadily gaining on men. This means that in another generation or two, one-half of all the people who have been to college in the United States will be women."

Colleges in America were open to women only about a generation ago. From the census of 1900 we learn that there were in the United States 117,362 more illiterate males than females between the ages of ten and twenty-one, the school age. If both men and women between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-four had been permitted to vote in 1900, there would have been 20,000 fewer illiterate

women than men who would have cast their first ballot for President of the United States. If this disparity continues during the next two decades, and women are still disfranchised, some one wisely observes that the anomaly will be presented of the more intelligent sex having laws made for them by the more illiterate. When it comes to a question of moral reckoning, the difference is also great. The following statistics, minus fractions, were given in the United States census of 1890, relative to men and women in the state prisons:

In the District of Columbia women constitute 17 per cent. of the prisoners; in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, 14 per cent.; in New York, 13; in Louisiana, 12; in Virginia, 11; in New Jersey, 10; in Pennsylvania and Maryland, 9; in Connecticut, 8; in Alabama, New Hampshire, Ohio and South Carolina, 7; in Florida, Maine, Mississippi, New Mexico and Tennessee, 6; in Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan, Missouri, North Carolina and West Virginia, 5; in Arkansas and Delaware, 4; in California, Minnesota, North Dakota, Texas and Vermont, 3; in Colorado, Iowa, Montana, Nebraska and Utah, 2; in Arizona, Kansas, Nevada and South Dakota, 1; in Washington, four-fifths of 1 per cent.; in Oregon and Wisconsin, two-fifths of 1 per cent.; in Wyoming and Idaho, none.

Last year there were nearly three times more men than women who committed suicide in the United States. Women are vastly in the majority in the churches and in all movements which stand for the uplift of humanity. If women were enfranchised, the forces representative of the best civilization would preponderate enormously at the polls. In all countries combined, where women have been permitted to vote, authorities state that there have not been found twelve respectable men who would declare over their own signatures and addresses that woman suffrage had produced any evil effect. Do not the women of

this state measure up in patriotism, in intelligence, in honesty of character, in devotion to home with the women of Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, U'ah, Finland, New Zealand, Australia and other lands where women have been enfranchised? If so, should they not be honored by having the right of suffrage bestowed upon them in equal dignity.

Winona Temperance Addresses

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